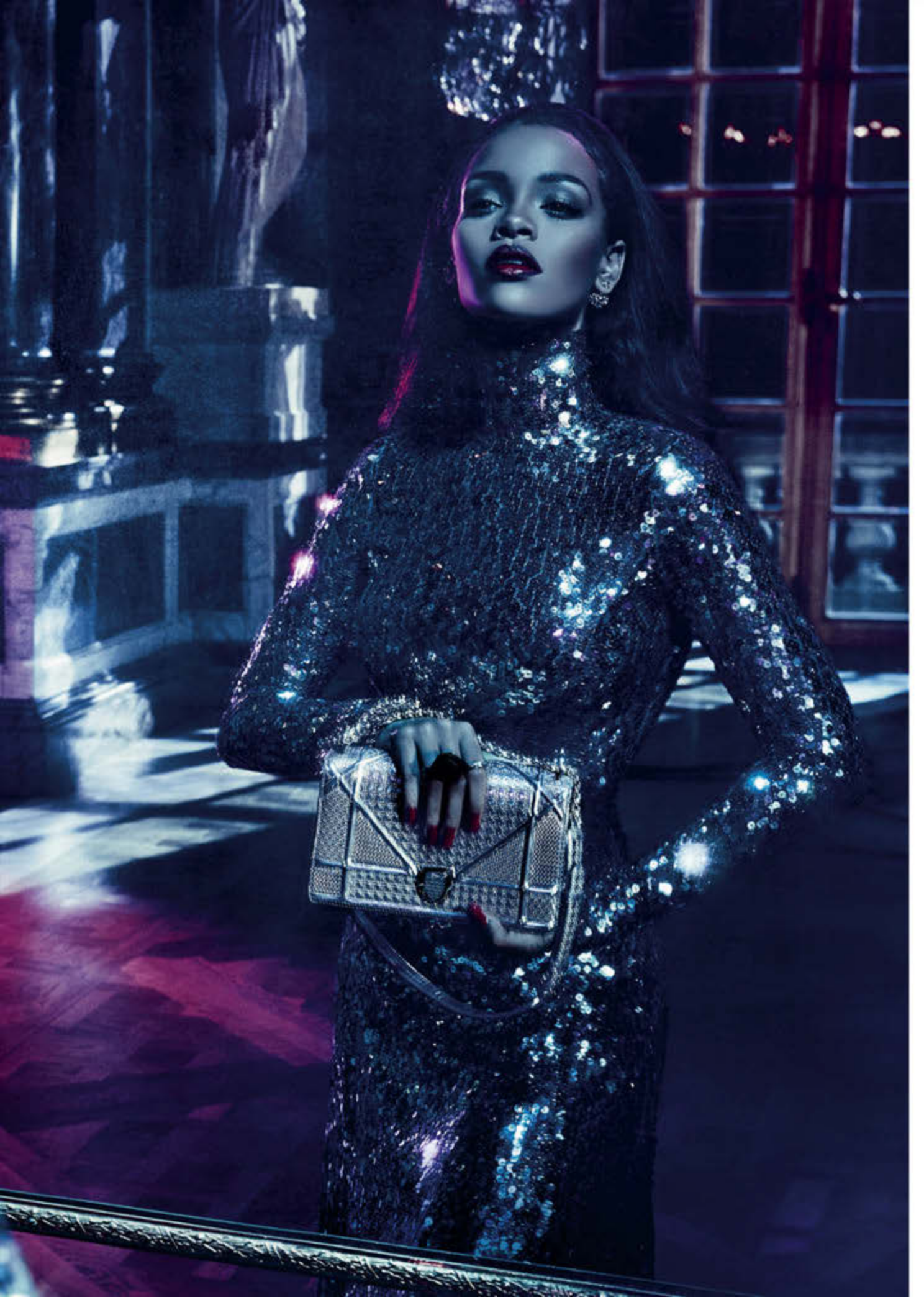

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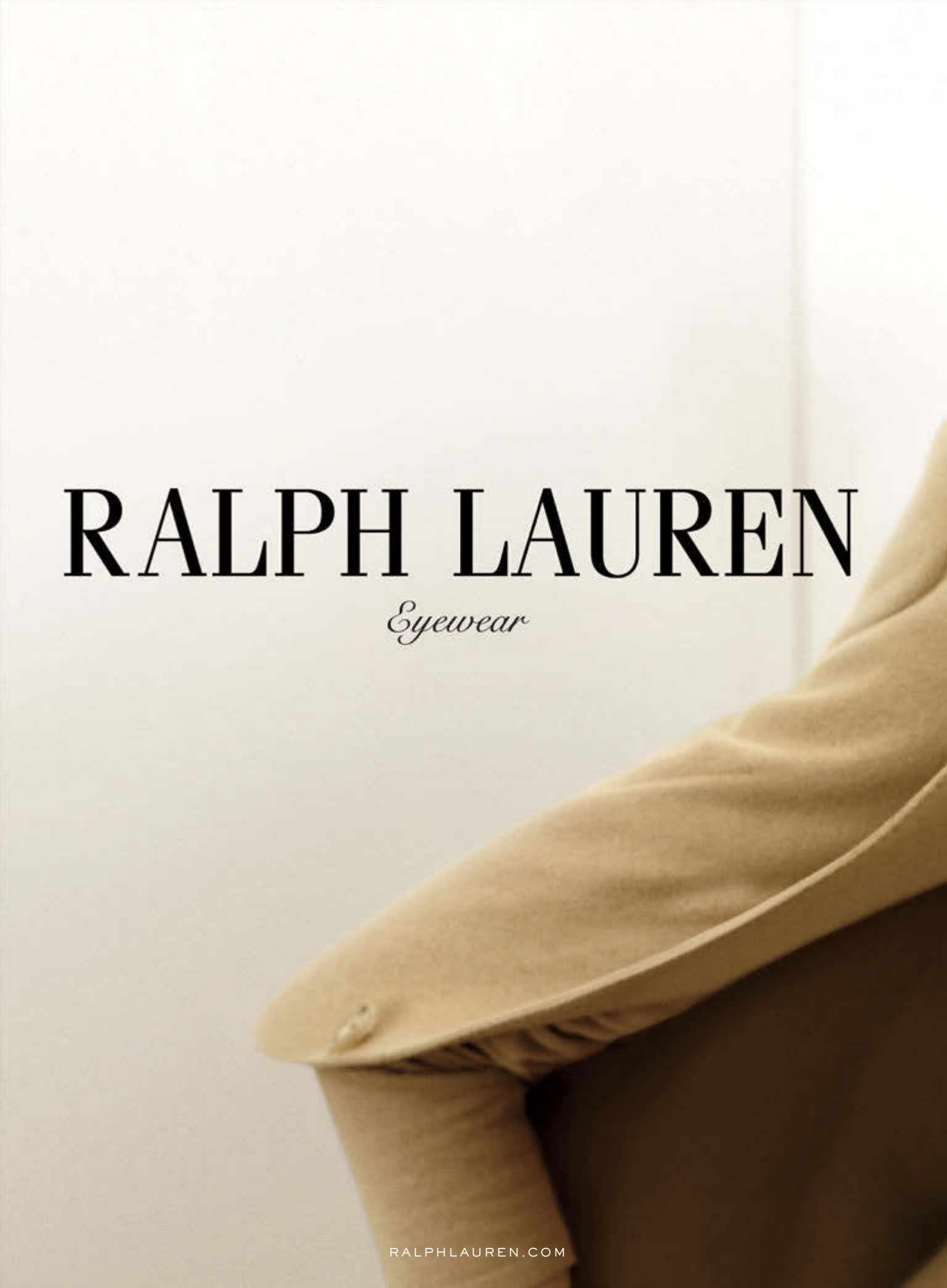
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JULY

THE MONTH IN CULTURE!

From gravelly-voiced Bea Miller, *X Factor* contender turned newly minted pop star, comes the freshman album *Not an Apology*. Miller is 16 years old, could pass for 12, and the video for her single "Young Blood" already has 5 million hits on YouTube. *July 24*





July 1 With *Terminator Genisys*, the franchise is BACK, this time with *Game of Thrones* star Emilia Clarke as Sarah Connor.

July 5 Christian Marclay's phenomenon *The Clock*, a 24-hour-long video montage, opens at L.A. County's Museum of Art. Contemplate time while standing in the likely significant line.

July 7 The prolific capabilities of portraitist Al Hirschfeld are commemorated in *The Hirschfeld Century*, a new book out today.

July 10 Brooklyn Museum's *The Rise of Sneaker Culture* includes lace-up athletic shoes from 1916 (Keds high-tops!), $1,000-plus golden-studded slip-ons from 2012, and everything in between.

July 10 Heather Woods Broderick, a Portland-based folk singer with an ethereal sound, releases her sophomore album, *Glider*.

July 11 At L.A.'s OHWOW gallery, the group show *Queer Fantasy* investigates gender, art, and queer life.





July 12 Sundays FTW: On Showtime, the third season of crime series *Ray Donovan* premieres at 9 P.M., followed by the return of randy historical drama *Masters of Sex*.



July 13 *Hamilton*, a hip-hop musical from writer Lin-Manuel Miranda about the founding father's starring role in the U.S.'s first sex scandal, hits Broadway.



July 14 *Go Set a Watchman*, the newly discovered first novel from *To Kill a Mockingbird*'s Harper Lee, is billed as a "historic literary event," and that's not even remotely hyperbolic.



Ramp up the AC: In time for the hottest days of the year, Netflix streams its eight-episode prequel to the 2001 film *Wet Hot American Summer*, starring Paul Rudd, Amy Poehler, and many more. *July 17*

July 24 YA novel *Paper Towns* gets the Hollywood treatment with Nat Wolff and punky-spunky supermodel Cara Delevingne as its leads.



July 31 Blockbuster madness continues with *Mission: Impossible 5*, which features motorcycles, high-tech tools, and, at one point, Tom Cruise dangling from the door of an airborne jet.

Terminator Genisys: Melinda Sue Gordon/Paramount Pictures; sneaker: Ron Wood/courtesy of American Federation of Arts/Bata Shoe Museum; *Masters of Sex*: Michael Desmond/Showtime; *Ray Donovan*: Michael Desmond/Showtime; Miller: James Minchin; *Go Set a Watchman*: Harper Collins; Poehler: Jason LaVeris/FilmMagic/Getty Images; Rudd: Steve Granitz/WireImage/Getty Images; Cooper: Gary Gershoff/WireImage/Getty Images; Shannon: D Dipasupil/FilmMagic/Getty Images; Banks: Jon Kopaloff/FilmMagic/Getty Images; Garofalo: Chance Yeh/FilmMagic/Getty Images; *MTA*: Chiabella James/Paramount Pictures; First Aid Kit: Neil Krug; Carlile: David McClister; Sleater-Kinney: Brigitte Sire; Lion Babe: Misha Taylor; Hirschfeld: *The Hirschfeld Century*/Knopf; *Debbie Harry*: Jimmy DeSana/courtesy of the estate of Jimmy DeSana and Salon 94; *Hamilton*: Joan Marcus/The Public Theater

THE FESTIVAL REPORT

July 6-11 At the Brooklyn Hip-Hop Festival, Common performs, as does the experimental R&B duo Lion Babe.



July 17-19 The all-star lineup of Chicago's Pitchfork Music Festival includes Sleater-Kinney and Chvrches.



July 24-26 The Newport Folk Festival promises to live up to its hype with shows from First Aid Kit and Brandi Carlile.




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A rundown of 2015's must-have beauty products—including the next lipstick, eye-shadow palette, and app. *Plus:* The country's top derms share the most promising breakthroughs in skin treatments (and that fat-melting shot!)



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ELLE (ISSN 0888-0808) (Volume XXX, Number 11) (July 2015) is published monthly by Hearst Communications, Inc., 300 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019 U.S.A. Steven R. Swartz, President and Chief Executive Officer; William R. Hearst III, Chairman; Frank A. Bennack, Jr., Executive Vice Chairman; Catherine A. Bostron, Secretary. Hearst Magazines Division: David Carey, President; John A. Rohan, Jr., Senior Vice President, Finance.

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Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Canada Post International Publications mail product (Canadian distribution) sales agreement No. 40012499. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 300 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. Subscription Prices: United States and possessions: $15 for one year. Canada: $48 for one year. Other international locations: $87 for one year. Subscription Services: ELLE will, upon receipt of a complete subscription order, undertake fulfillment of that order so as to provide the first copy for delivery by the Postal Service or alternate carrier within 4–6 weeks. From time to time, we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such offers via postal mail, please send your current mailing label or an exact copy to: ELLE, Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. You can also visit http://hearst.ed4.net/profile/login.cfm to manage your preferences and opt out of receiving marketing offers by e-mail. For customer service, changes of address, and subscription orders, log on to service.elle.com or write to Customer Service Dept., ELLE, P.O. Box 37870, Boone, IA 50037. To assure quicker service, enclose your mailing label when writing to us or renewing your subscription. Renewal orders must be received at least eight weeks prior to expiration to assure continued service. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ELLE cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Printed in USA. Canadian registration number 126018209RT0001. POSTMASTER: Send all UAA to CFS. (See DMM 707.4.12.5); NONPOSTAL AND MILITARY FACILITIES: Send address corrections to ELLE, P.O. Box 37870, Harlan, IA 51593.

WANT TO KNOW WHO #ELLELOVES? Follow these gray boxes throughout the issue to meet the all-stars of social media.

Clockwise from top left: Liz Collins; David Bellemere; Owen Bruce; Cedric Buchet; Rihanna: Instagram

The Queen of Social Media Award
RIHANNA @badgalriri / **18.4M followers**
After rejoining Instagram just in time to break her December 2014 ELLE cover, she now commands a fan base to rival @beyonce's beyhive.



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Cover girl Amber Heard (left) wears a coated wool jacket from Ralph Lauren Collection, a one-piece maillot from Thapelo Paris, silver-plated gold, blue enamel, and diamond rings from Fred Leighton, and her own earrings. *Heard* (right) wears an embroidered silk dress from Altuzarra, aquamarine, ceramic, and rose gold earrings from James de Givenchy for Taffin, and silver-plated gold, enamel, and diamond rings from Fred Leighton. To get Heard's makeup look, try All About Shadow 8-Pan Palette in Wear Everywhere Nudes, Eye Defining Liquid Liner in Black, High Impact Extreme Mascara in Extreme Black, Brow Keeper pencil, Beyond Perfecting Foundation + Concealer, Cheek Pop in Pink Pop, and Pop Lip Colour + Primer in Poppy Pop. All, Clinique. Photographed by Liz Collins; styled by Samira Nasr; hair by Teddy Charles; makeup by Lisa Houghton at Tim Howard Management; manicure by Gina Edwards at Kate Ryan Inc.; prop styling by Viki Rutsch at Exposure NY; production by Wei-Li Wang at Brachfeld NY; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons





The Preternaturally Honed Preteen Eye Award
WILLOW SMITH @gweelos / **478K followers**
The unpredictable-in-a good-way celeb spawn posts passages from beloved books, candids of pals (Zoë Kravitz, Lily-Rose Depp), and fan art.

Clockwise from top left: Max Abadian; Naj Jamai; Nat Lanyon/thelicensingproject.com; Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D; Eric Ray Davidson; Smith: Instagram

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JANET KENNEDY

The sleep doctor is in. Visit ELLE.com this month and let our July coach lower your stress, up your productivity, and help you get a truly *bonne nuit*

"I can't go to a dinner party and tell people what I do," Janet Kennedy, PhD, says. She's a specialist in the world's most popular in-bed activity: sleep. And with more than 60 million Americans suffering from a lack of rest, "everyone has a sleep story."

The St. Louis–born Kennedy, who earned her PhD in clinical psychology from New York University, became interested in sleep disorders while completing her clinical degree at the Manhattan Veterans' Affairs hospital, where she took a full-time position after graduating in 2002. Once on staff, she developed a cognitive behavioral therapy sleep program based on a treatment manual by Charles Morin, PhD. Almost instantly, insomniacs who followed her program became less dependent on medication—the rapid change a pleasant rarity in the slow-results world of clinical psychology.

A few years later, in 2008—by then married to a *New York Times* journalist and the mother of a three-year-old—Kennedy was using the program on her own young family and regularly passing out tips to friends. She decided to make the jump to private practice. Now, at her offices in Manhattan and Park Slope, Brooklyn, Kennedy treats patients ranging from recent grads dependent on sleeping pills to frazzled parents sleep-training their babies, and her first book, *The Good Sleeper: The Essential Guide to Sleep for Your Baby (and You)*, was released early this year.

Kennedy begins the treatment with sleep tracking, which can help pinpoint disruptive biological factors, like hormone fluctuations; just taking a step back to notice a pattern often serves as the first step toward stress relief, contributing to a sounder night's rest. Then, week by week, Kennedy walks her patients through the multistep program. She addresses anxieties about sleep performance (shooting for eight hours, say, when we might need only six or seven) and helps patients improve "sleep hygiene"—a blanket term for habits like caffeine use, exercise, and screen time—with behavioral changes ranging from turning cell phones off at night to only getting in bed when you're really tired. With Kennedy's careful modifications, "we'll see improvement within three to four sessions," she says. "That's just incredible."

"This is not brain surgery," Kennedy says. "But behavioral change is hard." This month, let Kennedy lend a hand. Sweet dreams. —*Keziah Weir*

ZOMBIE NO MORE

For sometimes toss-and-turners to full-blown insomniacs, Kennedy is here to help



JULY 6
Quick Change
Let Kennedy reorient your sleep expectations. Mind this post and you'll have the best *zzz*'s in town.



JULY 13
Thought Racer
Can't shut your brain off at night? Check out this lesson in behavioral strategies to right that wrong.



JULY 20
Tune-Up
Fixes for five common sleep mistakes, including bedtime routines that will have you sleeping like a baby (who's been trained by Kennedy).



JULY 27
Nap Time
Sometimes your brain and body need a recharge. Here, Kennedy lists the dos and don'ts for daytime dozing.

Clockwise from top left: Carol Dronsfield; Alfonse Pagano/Getty Images; ZenShui/Frederic Ciriou/Getty Images; Craig Dingle/Getty Images; Brand New Images/Getty Images; Mull: Angela Pham/BFAnyc.com



The Spot-On Satirist Award
MAGGIE MULL @iammaggiemull **18.7K followers**
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CAN WE TALK?

At ELLE, we work overtime to celebrate women for their work, their ideas, and their contributions, independent of whom they love or marry. But (you knew there was a "but") if you've just married one of the biggest movie stars in the world—whose net worth is estimated to be close to $400 million (not that we judge people by what they're paid) and who has twice been named *People* magazine's Sexiest Man Alive—it's normal for readers to be curious about your relationship, and sometimes, depending on how long they've loved Johnny Depp, who recently married our cover girl, Amber Heard, to be slightly obsessed with the topic.

So let's just get that out of the way. Yes, we're curious about the couple's story, but we fell for Amber long ago. We booked our cover with her (before the wedding, the plans for which we were not privy to) because she's interesting to watch, not just beautiful, and can be arrestingly tough and weird and intelligent, even in sidekick roles like the one she played in last year's *3 Days to Kill,* starring Kevin Costner. And, as she tells writer Jessica Pressler, she's determined—downright driven—to represent something more complicated on-screen than what she's been cast in most of her career: "girlfriend of." It's ironic, of course, that as Amber Heard, actress, is about to take on larger and deeper roles, she's surely to be ID'd as Mrs. Depp, even if she hasn't changed her name. But we know she can take it, and we applaud her for wanting to be somebody other than "the other woman," as the actress puts it. Amber Heard, bisexual fire-starter, is the pretty girl who is smart enough to recognize that beauty is a form of currency—and I love her for acknowledging that in our interview: Yes, she has used her looks as an entrée to a more interesting life than the one she was leading in small-town Texas and as a means to create opportunities that will serve her professionally as she matures. In other words, isn't it better to spend your currency wisely rather than pretend you don't have it?

This is a month full of women who are creating opportunities for themselves and for other women: In our second annual Women in Tech issue, we honor 10 powerhouses whose success in the technology world is not defined in opposition to men's, but is remarkable in its own right. (Still, the fact that only 25 percent of tech jobs are held by women, and only five women made this year's *Forbes* Midas List of the top 100 venture capitalists, is a real problem—and is the subject of this month's Agenda column.)

Speaking of what men and women can accomplish together, we tell the story of the brother and sister whose bond led to the creation of CrowdMed, a new website designed to help people with undiagnosed illnesses draw on the "wisdom of the crowd" to figure out what's wrong with them and, hopefully, get better. I frustrate my colleagues here with my trust in Western medicine, and I'm skeptical of the wisdom of the crowd as it's applied to one complicated human experience, but, well, you have to read the piece! And we also have Judd Apatow, a true lover of women and great promoter of their talents, interviewing comic greats Sarah Silverman and Roseanne Barr; as well as senior editor Ben Dickinson talking with Alanis Morissette about the 20 years that have passed since her groundbreaking album *Jagged Little Pill*. You'll be amazed at where these conversations lead.

Certainly one of my favorite conversations about women is the one that's always happening on the runway, as fashion becomes even more fractured and democratic and quick-serve. The great thing is the multitude of voices taking part—whether it's Pablo Coppola of Bally channeling filmmaker Wes Anderson with a collection fit for the Tenenbaums, or Alexis Martial and Adrien Caillaudaud of Carven reimagining women through the lens of how fast they must be able to move through the world. It's good that we're all talking.



@Robbiemyers — Twitter
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There's a lot more to learn about our July issue, and I can tell you about it—on video. Download the free Blippar app and "blipp" this page to watch it come to life.


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AMERICAN WOMAN

Our May cover star, Chelsea Clinton, has been in the public eye since the age of 12, simultaneously one of the most recognized and least known people in the world. When our cover launched online just two days before her mother, Hillary Clinton, declared her presidential bid, we witnessed the world's fascination firsthand—within a week, our online post of the cover amassed a thousand comments and more than fifty thousand shares at press time:

"Growing up, I never was into politics. Now, being in my twenties and female, I am more than ever passionate about equal rights for women. It blew my mind that there are only a few nations that have laws prohibiting discrimination on pay. I admire Clinton for becoming an activist. I, too, want to do whatever I can to help."
–Candice Campbell, e-mail

"The piece was *sooo* politically slanted. She is a fine young lady who was born into wealth and power. The author didn't write that when Chelsea graduated from college, she immediately garnered a salary of six figures. What recent college graduate makes that much? As for the presidency, I will vote for the best man or woman who can do the job."
–Tom Stubits, e-mail

"Finally! A cover story that means so much to women everywhere! Truly INSPIRING thank you"
–@smaranda_luna, Twitter



POWER PLAYER

Atlanta-raised rapper Ludacris enthralled and provoked with an interview ("Runaway Love," April 2015) about strip clubs, family values, and his favorite movie—*The Devil Wears Prada*, naturally:

"Ludacris is confident and comfortable in his manhood and his own skin."
–Amy Sciarretto of Artist Direct

"I find it ironic/contradictory when entertainers build their personas based on certain characteristics (such as being a player) but then want to rear families according to other hidden or personal values. In my ideal world, the messages we send and the images we promote would align with the way we live personally. Ideally, we would sell what we preach at home. But, hey, ours is far from an ideal world."
–niks808, Usmagazine.com

"Pretty much everything you could ever want in an interview."
–@Tashags, Twitter

BABY STEPS

In "And Baby Makes Three" (April 2015), Courtney Hodell writes about the difficult and conflicting emotions that accompany her brother's decision to become a parent after their years of being a childless duo:

"As an infertile woman myself, doomed to eternal aunthood, this was a very touching piece. Some people may think her selfish. After all, she's afraid the affections of her brother are supplanted by his affection for his new child. She's jealous of a baby. But those are real emotions that I can identify with and that I don't think we should be judgmental of. And she tries to root out that emotion, to embrace her brother and his growing family and embrace that little person, an exercise that I have gone through as well. Where one puts aside their grief and envy and tries to find solace in their family's family and make it their own."
–enrichmentonly, Reddit.com



CAPITAL WOMEN

ELLE's annual Women in Washington issue and dinner—this year held at the home of German ambassador Peter Wittig and his wife, Huberta, to honor such notables as Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Minnesota Senator Amy Klobuchar (above)—has become a much-anticipated meeting of the minds:

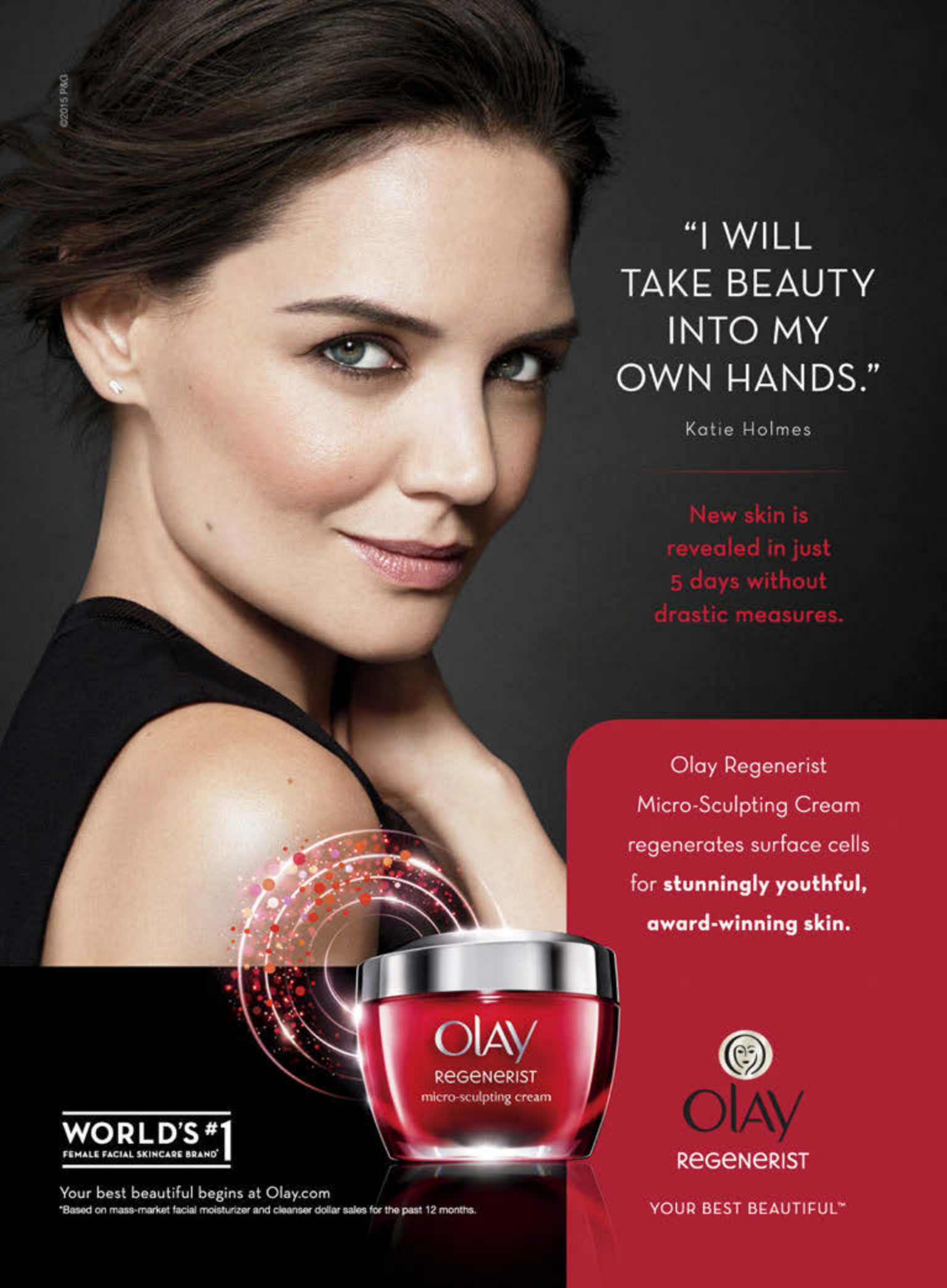
"This dinner is building a system. So many facets of power and decision-making come together, and it allows us to forge real relationships. I know I've gotten ideas and gotten things done because of women I've met here."
–Rep. Debbie Wasserman Schultz, 2012 honoree, from washingtonpost.com

"I'm looking around the room and realizing that there are some people I need to be having lunch with. This is a good group to draw from."
–Washington Mayor Muriel Bowser, from washingtonpost.com

Clockwise from left: Paola Kudacki; Mishon Pulliam; Jerome Corpuz

ELLE readers, sound off! E-mail us at elleletters@hearst.com, or send your letters to ELLE, Letters to the Editor, 300 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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2015 WOMEN IN TECH

POWER OF TEN

In ELLE's second annual roster of the most influential and inspiring women in technology, we honor the brilliant founders, funders, execs, and engineers who are rocking the industry—and the world beyond it.

Written by Ann Friedman
Photographed by Frank Terry



Julia Hartz

Cofounder, Eventbrite

"We had a million reasons we shouldn't have done it," says Hartz, cofounder of Eventbrite, a company that lets anyone sell tickets for a live event. (Think Ticketmaster, democratized.) But to Hartz, 35, who trained as a ballerina and considered herself a lifelong rule follower, moving from Los Angeles to the Bay Area to start a company with her then fiancé, Kevin Hartz, seemed like insanity. Still, she moved out of her 42nd-floor windowed office in Century City—where she was a TV executive developing shows like *The Shield*, *Rescue Me*, and *Nip/Tuck* for FX—and set up shop in a windowless room in Potrero Hill, San Francisco. The idea was to use online payment processing (Kevin had been an early investor in PayPal) to sell tickets to in-person meet-ups and events: a perfect marriage of e-commerce and offline connection.

Ten years later, Hartz is known across Silicon Valley as an expert and sounding board on how to turn a good idea into a thriving company. Eventbrite has 500 employees (or "Britelings") in eight offices worldwide who enjoy a next-level, progressive corporate culture: unlimited vacation days, total financial transparency. "That seems to be my superpower—really understanding what motivates people," she says, referring to both employees and customers. Last year, 100 million Eventbrite users bought tickets to 1.2 million events in 187 countries. The company, which takes a cut of up to 5 percent of each sale, is currently valued at $1 billion. That's a billion reasons she *should* have done it.

Styled by Sarah Schussheim; hair by Merrielle Italia for Oribe at Workgroup; makeup by Lindsey Smith for Nars at TokyoSF; production by Applebox Production Company; furniture props courtesy of Matters of Space and The Hunt Vintage. Hartz wears: Jonathan Simkhai top and skirt, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. bracelet, Manolo Blahnik pumps, and her own ring. For details, see Shopping Guide


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Elizabeth Iorns

Cofounder and CEO, Science Exchange

As a breast-cancer researcher, Iorns thought her work would change the way we treat one disease. Instead, the 34-year-old reinvented the way scientists worldwide study hundreds of diseases and other scientific challenges. The company she cofounded, Science Exchange, is nothing short of a global game changer. While in her lab at the University of Miami, Iorns noticed that many scientists, who once conducted the bulk of their experiments themselves, were now outsourcing their research—but having difficulty finding labs with the right super-specialized equipment and expert collaborators. Her solution: What if there were an online marketplace where scientists could hire researchers from around the world to carry out their experiments?

In 2011, Iorns moved to the Bay Area and started Science Exchange. NASA has since used it to work with a lab in Australia to develop a new material for satellites; every major pharmaceutical company has used Science Exchange, too. "I definitely set out to be an academic researcher," says Iorns, who was raised in New Zealand and got her PhD at the Institute of Cancer Research in London. But, she says, "I realized there was a potential to make a way bigger impact."

Jane Park

CEO and Founder, Julep

With her online beauty emporium Julep, Park is taking the old business cliché "the customer is always right" to cutting-edge heights. Through crowdsourcing and social media, Julep forges direct relationships with its customers and produces only the products the community green-lights. It's smart business—given that the customers who vote on a theoretical product are likely to buy the real thing—but Julep also embodies Silicon Valley's make-the-world-a-better-place ethos. "The bigger idea is beauty without judgment," Park, 44, says.

Growing up in Toronto, she had a cousin who lived in Princeton, New Jersey, and turned her on to the university. But Park showed up at the SATs without a check for the fee. "Somebody in line behind me *paid* for my SATs," she says. It awakened in her a lifelong desire to give back—especially to women. After Princeton undergrad (yes, with a 1530 out of 1600, she was accepted) and Yale Law School, Park eventually got a job launching locations and products for Starbucks, where she caught the bug to create a "supportive, fun, and collaborative" virtual space for women.

In 2007, she landed capital from investors including Will Smith and Jay Z's firm, and Julep was born. Now the company, which has raised $56 million, launches 300 customer-approved products—nail-nourishing polishes to antioxidant-packed eye brighteners—each year.





Tracy Chou

Software Engineer, Pinterest

The chic and charming Chou is both a lead engineer at Pinterest and a new kind of poster girl for what a lead engineer can get done. In 2013, she set up an online database on the code-sharing website GitHub where tech companies could submit info on how many women engineers they employed—thereby taking a problem that lurked beneath the surface and attaching hard facts to it. "With the data out there, the conversation has progressed a lot further and faster," says the 27-year-old. That move put her on the Valley's main stage: She scored the coveted role of judge at the TechCrunch Disrupt start-up funding competition; her Twitter feed (@triketora) has become a must-follow for tech news and riffs on industry culture; and in May, she landed on the cover of *Wired*.

When Chou joined Pinterest in 2011 as one of its first 15 employees and one of only five engineers, it was something of a reversal of fortune. She'd grown up in Silicon Valley, the daughter of two computer science PhDs, but shied away from learning to code, studying electrical engineering instead. Internships at Google and Facebook changed all that. Chou recalls, "The presumption that I wasn't an engineer made me question whether I *should* be an engineer." She went back to Stanford for a master's and has been coding ever since.

Iorns wears: Dolce & Gabbana dress and Phyne by Paige Novick earrings. Park wears: Yigal Azrouël dress and Janis Savitt bracelet. Chou wears: Prada dress and Elizabeth and James necklace. For details, see Shopping Guide

Mary Grove

Director, Google for Entrepreneurs

Grove may have worked at Google for more than a decade, but she also understands what it's like to start fresh with a brand-new venture. Since 2011, her mandate has been to use the tech giant's resources to get start-ups off the ground the world over. To that end, she's already forged partnerships with local start-up communities in more than 140 countries and created six Google-powered Campus work spaces from Tel Aviv, Israel, to Seoul, South Korea, where entrepreneurs can gather to share ideas and work free of charge.

"My family history has played a huge role in informing the work I do today," says Grove, 33, whose parents emigrated from Thailand and settled in San Diego, where they ran a small chiropractic business. She graduated from Stanford in 2004 and took a job with Google right away, first on the legal team and later in business development in New York and then Zurich. While abroad, she began focusing on countries in the developing world and asked herself—and Google—"How do we support entrepreneurs to drive development?"

That goal is echoed in Grove's passion project, which she runs with her husband, Steve (he's the director of Google's News Lab), whom she met on a business trip to Iraq in 2010: Silicon North Stars, a program that hooks up ninth graders from Minnesota with engineers and start-up founders in Silicon Valley to encourage the next generation of American entrepreneurs.



Grove wears: Boss blazer, Tibi tank, and La Brune & La Blonde necklace. Haider wears: Altuzarra shirt and skirt, Eva Fehren earrings, and her own ring. Lee wears: Michael Michael Kors jacket, Max Mara dress, and Vita Fede earrings. For details, see Shopping Guide



Sara Haider

Software Engineer, Periscope

"I've been a software developer basically my whole life," says Haider. The programming superstar was eight years old when she and her sister began building Backstreet Boys fan sites; now 29, she tackles high-stakes projects like translating Periscope—the livestreaming app that's revolutionizing the way people watch video, monitor police, connect with faraway friends, and much more—for Android's 76 million U.S. users. Haider's Android expertise is in high demand in Silicon Valley, where her competition tends to be Apple-centric. She began her career at Twitter in 2011, first as an engineer, then on its mobile development team, creating apps for the company's now 300 million users. She leapt to the anonymous note-posting app Secret, but was hired away by Periscope, which was soon acquired by Twitter for nearly $100 million, taking Haider back to her old stomping ground. Periscope picked up 1 million users in its first 10 days when it launched this past March. Off the clock, Haider is an adviser to the pro-STEM nonprofit Girls Who Code. In May, when the Backstreet Boys used Periscope to broadcast a live video feed of themselves chilling at the airport, Haider tweeted, "12-year-old sara is freakin out."

Aileen Lee

Founder, Cowboy Ventures

If Silicon Valley is today's Wild West, Lee is one of its boldest wranglers. Her venture capital firm, Cowboy Ventures, funds brand-new companies that are changing the way we live, work, shop, and socialize. "I always thought it was such an interesting job: meet with entrepreneurs about their dreams, and figure out which would be the most successful businesses," she says.

Before Lee, 45, struck out on her own in 2012, she was a partner for 13 years at the powerhouse VC firm Kleiner Perkins Caulfield & Byers, where she funded successful e-commerce start-ups like One Kings Lane and Rent the Runway. Lee has a background in retail herself, from her high school job as a shop clerk at the Short Hills Mall in New Jersey in the late 1980s to a stint at Gap, where she ran the new e-commerce unit in the late 1990s after finishing Harvard Business School.

Cowboy Ventures has raised more than $100 million for start-ups such as stylist marketplace StyleSeat and razor-subscription company Dollar Shave Club. So what's with the outlaw title? Lee, whose young son is named Cowboy, thought of it as a placeholder at first. "But then we realized it stood for a spirit of the West, and cowboys are all about trust," she says.



Selina Tobaccowala

President and CTO, SurveyMonkey

Tobaccowala has been a big deal in Silicon Valley since the first dot-com boom—but unlike other early entrepreneurs, she's still a fearless risk taker. In 1998, Tobaccowala graduated with a computer science degree from Stanford and faced a dilemma: apply to a tech giant like Yahoo!, or keep slogging away on Evite, the start-up she'd just founded with a few classmates. "I called my dad in the alleyway outside our first office," the 38-year-old recalls. "I asked him, 'Should I go to the job fair?'" She stayed the course, and Evite now facilitates more than 200 million invitations a year. In 2001, it was acquired by media giant InterActiveCorp (Tinder, About.com, CollegeHumor); eventually, Tobaccowala moved to IAC's London office to helm the tech side of Ticketmaster's European division. But in 2009, she didn't hesitate to get her hands dirty again with another start-up: SurveyMonkey, then a small Bay Area company enabling people and organizations to create their own surveys and analyze their results. As president and CTO, she's helped grow the company from 40 to 525 employees.

Even as one of the most powerful women in the Valley, the mother of two manages to catch the 5:45 P.M. train home every day. "I tell my daughter my favorite day is Saturday," she says, "but I really enjoy Monday through Friday. I want them to know I enjoy my job."





Grace Garey

Cofounder, Watsi

What if you could help provide spinal-cord surgery for a newborn in Tanzania? Or bone realignment for a man in Kenya? A lot of entrepreneurs say they want to change the world. Garey, the 25-year-old cofounder of Watsi, is actually doing it: The nonprofit site enables all of us to fund health care for individuals in the developing world who can't afford it.

After graduating from the University of California, Santa Barbara in 2011, the Berkeley native landed an internship at Kiva, the nonprofit that facilitates microfinance loans to entrepreneurs in developing nations. Then Garey heard about a friend's older brother, Chase Adam, who wanted to start a site for direct health-care donations. Together they launched Watsi in 2012, and soon after, it became the first-ever nonprofit to be accepted into the prestigious start-up accelerator Y Combinator.

Watsi has since raised almost $4 million in donations, some in increments as little as $5, for more than 4,000 patients from Nepal to Haiti to Burma. So far, more than 11,000 people have donated through the site. Next, Garey and Adam will pursue another round of philanthropic funding to extend Watsi's reach. "What really draws me in to a particular patient is the personal details," Garey says. "Connecting people is going to change the world."

Michelle Zatlyn

Cofounder, CloudFlare

"There's definitely a sense that we're on to something really big," says Zatlyn of web-hosting start-up CloudFlare, which she cofounded six years ago with two friends from business school. "We can redefine how the Internet works." It's big talk for a company you've never heard of—and that's kind of the point. CloudFlare is like hiring a personal trainer who's also a bodyguard for your website: It makes sites run faster and smoother, all while keeping viruses and hackers at bay. "We're a company that runs behind the scenes," she explains. "If we do our job right, people surfing the Internet don't even know we exist."

Zatlyn grew up "in the wheat fields of Saskatchewan." She was working as a project manager at Toshiba in Toronto when she decided to go to Harvard Business School to pursue her dream "to join a company that was Google before it was Google, Starbucks before it was Starbucks." Now 35 and married with a two-year-old son, she may have found just that in CloudFlare, which is valued at more than $1 billion and serves more than 2 *million* websites—Reddit, eHarmony, and Cisco among them.

Tobaccowala wears: St. John dress and Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. earrings. Garey wears: St. John dress and belt, Garland Collection bracelet, Wwake rings, Phyne by Paige Novick ring, and Jennie Kwon Designs ring. Zatlyn wears: Derek Lam 10 Crosby coat, St. John sweater, Vince pants, Lele Sadoughi bracelet, Jvdf bracelet, and Delfina Delettrez ring. For details, see Shopping Guide



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FUTURE PERFECT

How did Silicon Valley, the twenty-first century land of opportunity, get so mired in old-world sexism? The ELLE Agenda offers a four-point plan to help women in tech hit Refresh. By Ben Dickinson

Along with our annual celebration of women in the technology field, we would be remiss this year if we didn't also acknowledge an obvious issue: Given the current controversy over the rash of recent high-profile sexual harassment and discrimination lawsuits against a handful of Silicon Valley's biggest firms, we've consulted some of our Agenda brain trust* for perspective on what's going on here—and what can be done to address the situation and move beyond it. These conversations helped us identify a set of thorny interrelated problems that can and should be (and in various ways, as we shall see, are being) dealt with simultaneously.

1. PRIME THE PUMP

The single most noticeable fact about women in tech is that there aren't enough of them. "Since the 1980s," says **Reshma Saujani**, founder of the nonprofit organization Girls Who Code, "we saw this crazy decline, where 37 percent of computer science majors were women, while today, the number is less than 18 percent. It's interesting, because no other industry has had that decline—in fact, it's quite the opposite. There was a caricature of what a computer programmer was—a dorky boy in a basement somewhere—and girls were like, 'I don't want to do that.'"

Susan Molinari, Google's vice president for public policy, agrees: "Encouragement, career perceptions, self-perception, and academic exposure account for 95 percent of a girl's decision to pursue computer science," Molinari says. "One way Google is trying to help is by working with the entertainment industry to create more positive computer science role models on TV and in the movies."

And perceptions—and life choices—*are* changing. Saujani's organization helps set up extracurricular Girls Who Code clubs at schools and colleges across the country and partners with big digital-media firms to run intensive summer-immersion internship programs for these students. The group is ramping up "crazy fast," Saujani reports. "In 2012, we taught 20 girls. At the end of last year, we had taught more than 3,000. Next year, we'll teach 10,000."

How much do these numbers matter? According to Saujani, only 7,500 women earned bachelor's degrees last year in computer science nationwide, and just a few more than 4,000 girls passed the AP computer science exam. As for Girls Who Code's success rate: "One hundred percent of our girls are majoring or minoring in computer science or engineering—and 90 percent of them wanted to do something else before" getting involved, she says.

Further up the start-up food chain, change might be slower to come and harder to win—but here, too, progress seems to be underway. **Jessica Livingston** cofounded Silicon Valley's ultraprestigious start-up accelerator Y Combinator in 2005 and has helped more than 800 new companies get funding since, including such success stories as Reddit, Airbnb, and Dropbox. In 2005, she says, none of the start-up founders they worked with were women; until around 2011, women comprised around 4 percent of them. Then the numbers rose noticeably, and most recently, women have been in on more than 20 percent of Y Combinator–approved projects. "That is a major shift," Livingston says. "And in the past, women were never the CEOs. Now we're seeing more women up there onstage presenting at demo day and leading the fundraising." Livingston's own role is one of the most unique in Silicon Valley, because venture capital may be the toughest bastion of all for women to breach.

Libby Leffler, who started working at Facebook in 2008 and ran partnerships at the social-media giant before heading to Harvard Business School this fall, points out that "only 4 percent of senior venture capitalists—the decision-makers—are women. If you take risks on start-ups and entrepreneurs all day long, you have to be able to take risks on developing more women to become senior partners, too."

James Wojcik/Trunk Archive; Jason LaVeris/FilmMagic/Getty Images

*What's the ELLE Agenda? Meet our advisory board of 43 powerhouse women at elle.com/theagenda.

2. PUSH THE RECRUITING ISSUE

The headlines that have been generated by lawsuits in Silicon Valley have helped raise awareness about how problematic playing fast and loose with hiring and internal organization can become. People who still try to claim with a straight face that the tech industry even approximates a meritocracy are getting laughed out of the boardroom.

Livingston offers some insights from up close into how start-ups drift toward trouble on these issues. Speaking about female start-up founders, Livingston says, "I think every single one of them would tell you that being a founder of a successful start-up is so much harder than any of the problems we face specifically as females." They're too busy just scrambling, alongside their male colleagues, to make it.

Livingston also points out that start-ups typically recruit early members from informal networks via friends, former classmates, even roommates. "So it's very easy to get to a 10-person company with all guys," she says. "Once you have that, is it harder to attract a strong female candidate? Probably. A lot of the start-ups we fund care a lot about starting diversity at an early stage, but you do have to be very conscious about it. The culture gets set very early on—and you're not paying attention! You're trying to get a product that works and to raise funding, and this is *so* last on your list."

But until something resembling a human resources policy with coherent hiring, management, and evaluation procedures is put in place, everything is handled in an informal, ad hoc way. And in that kind of environment, anyone who is perceived to be "different," someone who "might not fit in," is going to be at a disadvantage—and those who already possess ample social capital will have an arguably unfair advantage. That syndrome has surely contributed to what has become an indefensible lack of diversity in the tech industry.

3. BUILD A SUSTAINABLE WORKPLACE

The go-go start-up culture is all about taking risks, giving 110 percent in sweat equity, scoring big when a business catches fire, and then leveraging the rest of your life with the well-earned proceeds. As that context gives way to large, well-established businesses, however, the workplace culture needs to evolve toward more balanced expectations. **Arianna Huffington**, who recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of her formidable Huffington Post empire, has become a huge advocate for humanizing the corporate atmosphere and making it more friendly for people who have families and other responsibilities outside of work—which describes the lives of a lot of impressively talented women. She advocates for the adoption of new norms such as flexible work schedules, more telecommuting, and electronically untethering employees outside of working hours. At the Huffington Post, she says, "We're about to institute an e-mail vacation policy based on the one implemented by the German company Daimler, which blocks all e-mails employees receive while on vacation, so our employees don't return to an avalanche of e-mails and all the stress that brings."

Huffington's investigation into these issues for her 2014 wellness book, *Thrive*, yielded some especially concerning data about how stress can take a toll on working women in particular: They have an almost 40 percent higher incidence of heart-related illness and deaths compared to women who live with less workplace stress, and a 60 percent higher risk of developing type 2 diabetes. And while these physical manifestations of occupational stress are not as highly correlated in men, there's plenty of accumulating evidence that millennial males at least aspire to achieve a balance between work and family life that was once unthinkable for the corporate warrior.

4. CHANGE THE CULTURE

And that's what bringing more women and better practices into the tech world is all about: Really shifting prevailing norms in such a way that this exciting and dynamic sector recruits from the full spectrum of talent available—and distributes opportunity in equal measure. The supreme irony is that the tech world itself stands to profit above all from such change: "So many studies show that diversity in teams is really beneficial to them," says Leffler, alluding to widely reported data showing that information technology companies with women executives on board are financially more successful than their all-male competition. "I think this effect extends to race as well," she adds, "and this is the real bleeding edge, because in Silicon Valley, everybody is talking about women in tech, and men are afraid to talk about it for fear of saying the wrong thing—and *everyone* is afraid to talk about race for the same reason." Which of course means that we seriously need to have that talk as well. ●

HARD NUMBERS, HARSH TRUTHS

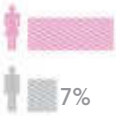
Catalyst, a nonprofit group that does research on women in business, recently released a study of women and men with MBAs working in tech-intensive fields that yielded some very revealing—and disturbing—statistics

START IN AN ENTRY-LEVEL POSITION:

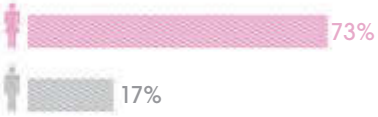


THE WOMEN WHO STICK IT OUT FACE SIGNIFICANT BARRIERS TO ADVANCEMENT

1. LACK OF ROLE MODELS



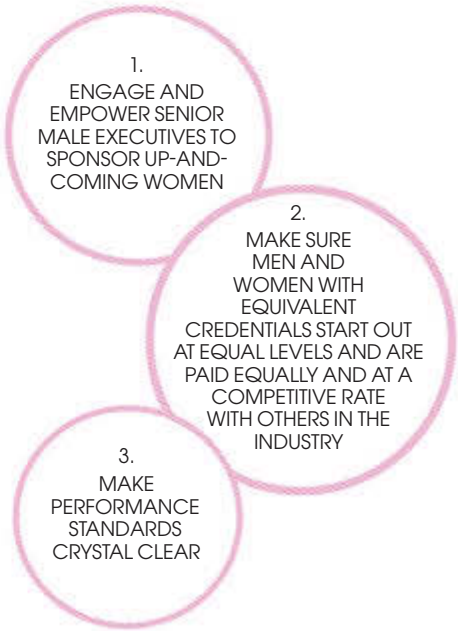
2. FEELING LIKE AN OUTSIDER



3. UNCLEAR EVALUATION CRITERIA



SOLUTIONS TO REVERSE THE TALENT DRAIN



Source: "The Gender Divide in Tech-Intensive Industries" (Catalyst, 2014).



TV's Toughest Voice Award
SHONDA RHIMES @shondarhimes / **947K followers**
Like @lenadunham, Rhimes often engages with irked tweeters about her choices as a powerhouse showrunner (peace out, McDreamy).

VALLEY GIRLS

A highly subjective, unabashedly superficial guide to the status symbols and signifiers of the (new) tech tribes of Silicon Valley. By Lauren Murrow

MEDIA OVERLORDS



Role model: Kara Swisher, tech reporter and cofounder, Re/code



Signature look: black Converse, leather jacket, Spire clip-on stress tracker



Ride: Lyft, Sidecar—anything but Uber

Accessory: Ray-Ban aviators, indoors and out



Natural habitat: the Mission district, to catch new-money tech babies misbehaving

Off duty: blogging from home while listening to NPR, speed-reading three (print) newspapers, and compulsively refreshing Twitter

Guilty pleasures: industry gossip blog Valleywag, getting five-plus hours of sleep, mocking billionaires (See: Snapchat's Evan Spiegel)



Collects: wealthy enemies, anonymous tips

See also: Sarah Lacy of PandoDaily Nitasha Tiku of The Verge

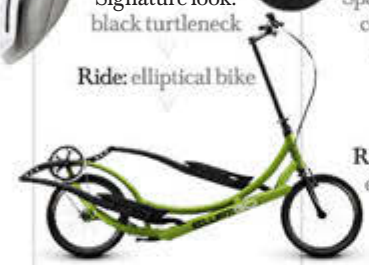
BIOTECH TRAILBLAZERS



Role model: Elizabeth Holmes, founder and CEO, Theranos

Signature look: black turtleneck

Ride: elliptical bike



Accessory: Fitbit Surge



Natural habitat: Palo Alto, to lure brilliant Stanford dropouts

Off duty: yoga, chased with cold-pressed green juice and Bulletproof coffee





Guilty pleasures: sitting at a standing desk, gene-screening potential suitors



Collects: research grants, investors, biohacking admirers

See also: Anne Wojcicki of 23andMe

MILLIONAIRE DIY-ERS



Role model: Brit Morin, founder and CEO, Brit + Co



Signature look: Kate Spade dress, chunky costume jewelry, neon pumps



Ride: refurbished electric scooter

Accessory: detachable Peter Pan collars, handwoven floral crowns



Natural habitat: SoMa, for easy access to the TechShop laser cutter

Off duty: vlogging dinner parties, craft cocktails with homemade bitters and infused spirits



Guilty pleasures: salon manis, store-bought salad dressing, glitter, emoji



Collects: 3-D printers, upcycled furniture, future terrarium vessels



See also: Randi Zuckerberg of Dot Complicated

DIGITAL DO-GOODERS



Role model: Jennifer Pahlka, founder and executive director, Code for America



Signature look: Zady knits, FEED tote, special-edition Toms

Ride: cabs, the ride-sharing underdog

Accessory: faux-leather Stella McCartney "Noma"



Natural habitat: Temescal, Oakland—the post-Portlandia maker hub

Off duty: laptop gazing at Coffee Bar (right) over fair trade, organic Mr. Espresso



Guilty pleasures: moralizing Facebook updates



Collects: unpaid interns, under-30 voter e-mails, ethically sourced artisan jewelry

See also: Leila Janah of Samasource, Kimberly Bryant of Black Girls Code

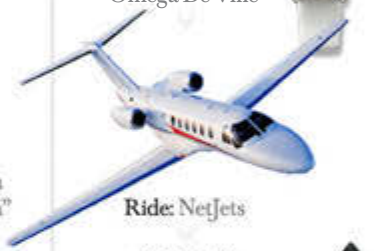
ALPHA EXECS



Role model: Marissa Mayer, CEO, Yahoo!

Signature look: Carolina Herrera dress, Oscar de la Renta cardi, diamond-studded Omega De Ville





Ride: NetJets

Accessory: black Louboutin pu—*hey! Eyes up here.*



Natural habitat: perk-packed Peninsula HQ

Off duty: scotch (neat) and deal making at private clubs The Battery (right) and Cuckoo's Nest



Guilty pleasures: in-office daycare, power napping, Alibaba online shopping

Collects: book fodder, honorary degrees, failed start-ups

See also: Sheryl Sandberg (below) of Facebook, Safra Catz of Oracle, Ursula Burns of Xerox



Swisher: Bill McCullough; Holmes: Steve Jennings/Getty Images for TechCrunch; Morin: David Butow/Redux; Pahlka: Steve Rogers Photography/Getty Images for SXSW; Mayer: Ethan Miller/Getty Images; Sandberg: Louis Lanzano/Bloomberg via Getty Images; Spiegel: Michael Kovac/Getty Images for *Vanity Fair*; Jobs: Shaun Curry/AFP/Getty Images; Jet: Getty Images/Science Faction; scotch: Carol Sharp/Getty Images; Coffee Bar: Matthew Millman; necklace: Getty Images/DeAgostini; diploma: Getty Images; nail polish: Steve Cohen/Getty Images; emoji: courtesy of Apple; test tube: RUNSTUDIO/Getty Images; butler: John Scott/Getty Images; coffee: Mark Weiss/Getty Images; newspapers: Martin Shields/Alamy; Trump: Instagram; remaining images: courtesy of the companies



The Work-Life Equalizer Award

IVANKA TRUMP @ivankatrump / 562K followers

Trump cuts #bts shots with "advice from moms we love," from AOL president Maureen Sullivan to Rebecca Minkoff.



FLY GIRL

Feel-good fitness mogul Kate Hudson on outfitting the most fiercely dressed women in your exercise class. By Maggie Bullock

In 2013, Kate Hudson officially put the lithe, tawny, Cali-girl effervescence that is her birthright on the market as the face and cofounder of the e-commerce label Fabletics, a subscription-based line of workout wear. (Sign up and, based on your preferences, the company's stylists will suggest a new version of, say, the rainbow-hued bum-flattering Salar leggings and seamless Samana bra—two greatest hits—every month.) The results are undeniable: Not only do the brand's 20 to 30 new outfits sell out almost every month, but legions of highly engaged Fab fans also delight in reporting their body-honing progress to the company's role-model-in-chief. This fall, Hudson will join Bill Murray as "a pair of oddballs in Afghanistan" in the comedy *Rock the Kasbah*; she says she's headed to New Orleans to play Jennifer Lee Pryor, one of comedian Richard Pryor's six wives, in Lee Daniels's upcoming biopic; and she'll launch Fly, Fabletics's first stab at day-to-night—er, barre-class-to-bar?—essentials, including the new Julliard jogging pant with a racing stripe. The other moms at drop-off, the actress is happy to report, are already in hot pursuit.

ELLE: First things first—what Fabletics piece are you most looking forward to?

Kate Hudson: I'm one of those people who like as little bra as possible. I like them to support and feel like a sports bra, but show a little more skin. We have one coming out that we're calling the Hudson Bralette. I'm very excited about that one.

ELLE: Now that you're an advice guru, what do you find women ask you most?

KH: "How do you balance your life?" I think it's more about being a mother than anything.

ELLE: What's your answer?

KH: The most honest answer: I have no idea! But I do think about it every day, and I try to set intentions every day. Your life is always going to fall off-kilter; there are always going to be things that you feel like you're not getting enough of. The greatest thing I've ever done, which I thank my mother for, is meditation.

ELLE: Do you have a standard ritual?

KH: For me it has been Kundalini. It's an active process. It's breathing; it's sort of igniting prana, which is breath. So if you're feeling anxieties, any kind of frenetic energy, or "Ugh, I've got to get all this done," it actively pushes that and shifts it. When I've done that, I find that I feel very still.

ELLE: In L.A. there's always a buzzy new class. Do you try them all? Or do you stick with tried and true?

KH: I'll do a barre class, I spin, I box. I like long and lean, and I think that when you work from the core, it lifts everything. The truth is, to me, Pilates actually creates the strongest body. That, hands down, of everything that I've done, builds the most centering strength.

ELLE: What's L.A.'s best barre class?

KH: There's this place called Barre Belle. The owner, she's pretty amazing. It's a hard class and really good.

ELLE: If it's hard for you, I can't imagine how average humans get through it.

KH: My thing is, I'm a real believer in not putting pressure on yourself. So if I'm not feeling good, if I do 10 or 15 minutes and I'm exhausted, that's it, I'm done. It sounds crazy, but I just want to get the huge female Kumbaya circle going and breathe with women and go, You know what, guys? It's fine! Let's just connect, take off all the pressures of what society is trying to tell you, and let's just honor ourselves for a second. If you don't feel it, try it tomorrow. That's what I wanted our company to encompass—the enjoyment of these things versus that dread.

ELLE: Is this the way you've always felt?

KH: I think I've felt it through trial and error. When I had Ryder, I gained all this weight, and then I had to go make a movie. I had to actively say to myself, "Fuck it." If people are going to yell at me to lose 20 more pounds, I'm going to look at it like Charlie Brown's teacher babble, and I'm going to be happy with myself and not let that hurt me.

ELLE: Has the success of Fabletics given you power in a different way?

KH: I love it because we get to talk about this stuff! We get to talk about building communities of strong women. I look up #Fabletics all the time just to see all the women who are setting goals for themselves: "I'm going to do the splits." And watching them in three months get down to doing the splits. Seeing their joy, being like, "*Yesss!*" ●



Hudson in the new Fly collection

Jaclyn Guidi/Fabletics; Benny Horne/Fabletics; Franke-Ruta: Jason Kempin/Getty Images



The Right Kind of Retweeter Award
GARANCE FRANKE-RUTA @thegarance / 41K followers
The editor-in-chief of Yahoo! Politics offers inside-the-Beltway updates and reposts news essentials.



NO REGRETS

Friday Night Lights turned **Taylor Kitsch** (aka Tim Riggins) into Hollywood's Next Big Thing, but then he had a couple of high-profile movie fumbles. Now, *True Detective* is giving him another chance to be a hero.
By Lili Anolik

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC RAY DAVIDSON



Styled by Sarah Schussheim (grooming by Bridget Brager at The Wall Group for Baxter). Kitsch wears: Denim jacket, Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren, $98. Cotton T-shirt, Rag & Bone, $125. Denim jeans, Burberry Brit, $275. For details, see Shopping Guide; Ratajkowski: Instagram

"I hope the restaurant's close because he's taking his bike," Taylor Kitsch's manager says to me.

A bike-bike or a motorcycle-bike? I want to ask. But before I have a chance to, she hangs up.

An hour later, I'm sitting at a table on the outside patio of the Hungry Cat, located between John Wayne's star and Jack Benny's on Vine Street in Hollywood, and exactly .9 miles—close, but is it close enough?—from Milk Studios, where Kitsch has just completed his ELLE photo shoot. I'm scanning the sidewalk traffic. I'm hypervigilant because the Hungry Cat is nestled up against a larger building, and I'm worried he'll pass it. Only, suddenly, there he is, turning down the little alleyway.

That Taylor Kitsch shouldn't need an introduction at this point in his career, yet still does, is the central preoccupation of this profile, so let me provide one: Kitsch played running back Tim Riggins on NBC's 2006–2011 series *Friday Night Lights*, a show about a Texas high school and its football team, though really about coming of age and family, the one you're born into and the one you make, and racism and classism and America. It's an anti–soap opera, a frank, uncondescending look at lives and loves in a small town. That everybody in the small town happens to resemble a movie star, and nobody more so than Kitsch—cheekbones as high as goalposts! eyes as green as Astroturf! nose as straight and true as a 50-yard line!—was the only thing Hollywood about it. *FNL* was a critical smash. (Lorrie Moore, yes, *that* Lorrie Moore, devoted 3,000 rapturous words to it in the hoity-toity *New York Review of Books*.) But it didn't quite connect with a large enough audience. And if NBC hadn't cut a deal with the subscription television service DirecTV to subsidize production costs in exchange for the right to air episodes first, it never would have lasted five seasons and likely would have been canceled after two.

As he walks toward me, I stand, my heart kicking in my chest. I'm nervous. This is a high-stakes game for me: *FNL* is my favorite show, Riggins my favorite character. I'm afraid that Kitsch is going to be a world apart from Riggins—that he'll talk in actorspeak, use the word *process* a lot and tell me about the benefits of a gluten-free diet, gaze into every reflective surface, and fluff his hair. I'm afraid that meeting him will kill the fantasy, basically. The sun is slanting into my eyes, so while I can see that he's got something on his head, I can't see what. It's only once he gets near that I realize it's a motorcycle helmet, but worn like a backward baseball cap, pushed off his face and up on his crown. Immediately I start to relax, because it's such a Riggins maneuver. *FNL* fans: Remember Riggins's brief—blink and you missed it—foray into higher education, when he sat in a lecture hall taking notes with a never-been-sharpened pencil? It's that kind of thing. What a person who's less trying to amuse others than amuse himself would do. Now, I'm not going to go on any more about his looks except to say that he appears in the flesh just as he does on the screen. Okay, I'll go on a little more: He has a physical grace to him, moves with athletic authority, has a smile that's closer to a grin, and is wearing the clothes of someone who doesn't think about them much—jeans, T-shirt, scuffed leather jacket.

We shake hands, say hello, and listen as the waiter recites the specials. Kitsch, who has just turned 34, points to his menu. "What's this guy? The Maine lobster roll. It good?" The waiter attests to the roll's deliciousness, but reveals that it's sizable. "Oh, okay," says Kitsch. "No *bueno*." (It's three o'clock, snack time, not lunch.) He asks what I'm ordering. I tell him the cheese plate. He says he'll pick at that. We get started.

Kitsch was born in Kelowna, British Columbia, and raised by a single mom in a trailer park. He describes his young self thusly: "White trash. Growing up, I really was. Proud of it." In high school he was a clown—voted funniest in his class—and artsy: "I always had to be the lead in the play." But what he was mostly was an athlete, a hockey player. Following graduation in 1999, there was a stint with the junior A Langley Hornets that ended when he blew out his knee. Soon after, he was approached by a modeling scout on the streets of Vancouver. And by 2002, he was signed with the modeling agency IMG and living in New York. It sounds like a fun and glamorous existence, only it wasn't. "It's not like I was this mainstream fuckin' runway model," he says. "I wasn't working. I lived in an apartment in Spanish Harlem with no electricity, and then I lost that, so I'd just catch the blue train. It skips a lot of stops at night, and then it stays up at 181st Street, I think. So I'd sleep there. And the security guy would come on and be like, 'Get out.' And I'd get out." Kitsch then headed to L.A. He landed a few roles in projects that required little more of him than looking bohunky and not flubbing his lines too egregiously.

Then, in 2006, along came *Friday Night Lights*. For those of you who are just starting to watch on Netflix—which is responsible for elevating the show to cult status in the last few years—let's talk a bit more about Riggins. (Fun fact: Kitsch was originally asked to read for the part of straight-arrow QB Jason Street.) It's no surprise that Riggins is the Dillon Panther who's scored the most touchdowns, off the field if not on. Here's the surprise: For all his chiseled beauty, Riggins—Kitsch, too, for that matter—doesn't seem in the least vain or self-regarding. Peter Berg, *FNL*'s creator, describes Kitsch as "a guy who's won the genetic lottery, only he doesn't know it." I disagree with Berg. I think Kitsch does know it. He just refuses to let it go to his head, to fuck him up. In any case, Riggins gazes at Lyla Garrity—his on-again, off-again girlfriend, played by Minka Kelly, rumored to be Kitsch's one-time on-again, off-again girlfriend—the way that most of the audience is gazing at him: eyes wide with yearning.

And Riggins yearns for more than just a girl. He yearns for a kind of spiritual and moral truth as well. He's down a stable male influence, his dad, like Kitsch's, having more or less blown the scene, and he wants, above all else, to do good—to *be* good—but doesn't always know how and has no one to show him. He's a man's man whom women are drawn to, yet is, essentially, solitary. (Tellingly, the word Kitsch uses most often to describe Riggins is *loner*, also the word he uses most often to describe himself.) And Riggins is every bit as much *FNL*'s martyr as he is its stud. The other young characters get out of dead-end Dillon, in the cases of Garrity and Street, thanks entirely to Riggins. (Equally telling, the word Kitsch uses second most often to describe Riggins is *protector*, also the word he uses second most often to describe himself.) In fact, the only person Riggins doesn't manage to save is Riggins. And you just know he'll wind up one of those guys who kill their days on barstools, lost in memories and the past. He knows it, too. It's like he's looked into the future and has seen that he's doomed, this special intuition making him a tragic figure. Not that Riggins's presence is heavy or maudlin—he wears his saintly grace lightly, and with a grin—but he's a tragic figure nonetheless.

When *FNL* ended in 2011, Kitsch seemed like he was just beginning. The industry predicted major stardom; *The Hollywood Reporter* put him on its "A-List Redefined" list. And 2012 was supposed to be his year. He scored the lead in two can't-miss tentpole movies, *John Carter* (directed by Andrew Stanton) and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156



The Funny Vixen Award
EMILY RATAJKOWSKI @emrata / 2.4M followers
The model/actress (and *real* star of the "Blurred Lines" video) practically invented T&A—as in, tongue-in-cheek attitude.



Looks from the fall 2015 Vanessa Seward collection

PRETTY WOMAN

Vanessa Seward does practicality with a French (and Argentinian) twist for her first full-fledged collection. By Alison S. Cohn

When A.P.C. founder Jean Touitou invited his friend, designer Vanessa Seward, to create a capsule collection for the French chain in 2012, she started with a simple objective: to make the pieces that were missing from her closet. For this ineffably chic Parisian, that meant denim. Seward had spent more than a decade designing accessories at Chanel and Yves Saint Laurent and had just left her post as creative director of the eveningwear powerhouse Azzaro following the birth of her daughter. "I had worn cocktail dresses from morning till evening," she says. "Now that I wasn't going into a couture atelier every day, I thought there could be a sophisticated way of wearing jeans."

The collaboration, which was intended as a one-off, sold out almost immediately. Touitou asked Seward to design another season, and then another. Her designs clearly struck a chord, infusing A.P.C.'s pared-down, insouciant cool with a more feminine allure via blouses and shirtdresses in couturelike fabrics, such as brocade, Lurex, and silk jacquard. And, of course, there were the jeans: dark-washed, high-waisted, and with *just* the right amount of stretch. "I put the pockets on the back a little higher because it gives the illusion of your bum being higher," Seward says. "To get a jean right is harder, in a way, than a gown." Three years and six collections later, Seward's fans will be happy to know that, with backing from A.P.C., she is spinning off the capsule collection as its own brand, set to roll out this month on Net-a-Porter and on vanessaseward.com. She will also open two stores in Paris in September.

For her first collection for fall 2015, shown at Paris Fashion Week in March, the 45-year-old designer culled inspiration from her personal history. "It's funny because many times people describe me as very French, but I wasn't born here," says Seward, whose family moved, with her diplomat father, first to London and then to Paris from her native Argentina. Black-and-white tailoring recalls the glamour of South American women like her grandmother, who lived to be 97. "She'd always have pearls around her neck," Seward says. "Till the end, she didn't let it go." A recurring silhouette of jeans tucked into over-the-knee shearling boots channels her mother's campy riff on English propriety—during her time in the UK, she was taken to pairing country tweed outfits with high-heeled, thigh-high boots—while softly draped four-leaf-clover-print dresses have something of the joie de vivre of the teenage Seward, a Sixteenth Arrondissement Lolita. But as they say, what's past is prologue. "I don't take any of it literally," Seward says of the vaguely '70s silhouettes. "I want the clothes to look timeless." ●







Clockwise from top right: Seward as a teenager in Paris; Seward's grandmother, the picture of Argentine elegance; a still from one of Seward's favorite films, Claude Chabrol's *Les Biches* (1968)

Yannis Vlamos/courtesy of Vanessa Seward; courtesy of Vanessa Seward (2); *Les Biches*: courtesy of Everett Collection

CHROME HEART

How to make a smarter handbag? Eddie Borgo is geeking out over 3-D printing and industrial design

When Eddie Borgo decided to create handbags, the New York–based jewelry designer knew one element he wouldn't incorporate: conical studs. It may come as a surprise that Borgo, who has specialized in edgy chic since founding his eponymous line seven years ago, isn't giving his customers bags to match their pavé cone bracelets—at this point, practically a wardrobe requirement for creative-industry types. But avoiding the obvious was Borgo's goal. "I didn't just want to cover them in cones and call it a day," he says.

For Borgo, who studied art history at New York City's Hunter College, inspiration comes from street culture and the ideology of the postpunk movement as well as modern sculpture. For his new category debut, Borgo turned his attention to his grandmother's pocketbooks and the minimal yet futuristic aesthetic of midcentury American automobiles, specifically the Phantom Corsair, a long, sleek fastback coupe prototype built in 1938. His five multitasking styles include the Vic, a sleek metal minaudière that can be carried in a removable leather cross-body sleeve during the day, and the Colt cross-body, which has multiple strap options that allow it to also function as a top-handle bag or a clutch. "The idea was to create hybrids between attaché cases, portfolios, briefcases, and evening bags," Borgo says. "You almost want to believe that they're from the 1950s, but because of the attention to detail and the engineering, you know immediately that they're not."

Since he began drawing up plans for the bags two years ago, Borgo has attended a number of industrial-design conferences. "Everyone else there is from the biomedical field, or they create microchips," the designer says with a chuckle. He's also gone deep into 3-D printing, and sees his point of difference from more established accessory lines as the ability to do rapid prototyping. "Now I can realize something in a pencil sketch and hand it off to one of my designers to move it into a 3-D rendering," Borgo says. "We have it printed overnight in our MakerBot machine, and we're able to try it out the next day." It was through this new technology that the 38-year-old discovered that using aluminum in the bags' hardware, rather than the traditional brass, made their weight so light as to be inconsequential—a good thing for the woman who carries her iPhone, tablet, wallet, keys, and lipstick with her almost all the time. (Borgo also made a sleek Love compact, with room for all the necessities, to complement the lineup.)

With an entry price of $990, the bags, which are crafted from rubber-finished Italian leather in muted colors (jet black, evergreen, blush pink, and a subtle gray-purple) and are being introduced at Ikram, Maxfield, and Forty Five Ten, are pricier than Borgo's costume jewelry. But the designer says they're intended for working women, like art consultant Bettina Prentice and filmmaker Liz Goldwyn, both loyal fans who have been with him since the start. And despite his protestations, the cone is there—sort of—in the shape of the bag's feet and in the triangular cross sections of their handles. "My girl is the same," Borgo says. "She's just grown up a bit." *–A.S.C.*



From top: Borgo; the Love compact; the Colt cross-body

Courtesy of Eddie Borgo; Murphy: Instagram



The I-Want-to-Go-There Instagrammer Award

LESLEY MURPHY @lesleyannemurphy / **146K followers**

A former *Bachelor* contestant, Murphy relocated to South America with her boyfriend and started a luxury travel blog full of stunning photos and chic travel how-tos (like on-the-go workout routines).


ELECTRIFY
YOUR SUMMER
#ELECTRIFYSUMMER
sunglass hut
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Georgia May Jagger wears Michael Kors MK6004.

FASHION



FIRST LOOK

Graphically slashed dresses lend body-conscious '80s edge to Proenza Schouler's fall 2015 collection

Printed crepe dress, $3,475, felt sandals, $870, all, PROENZA SCHOULER, *at Proenza Schouler, NYC. Platinum and diamond rings, all,* TACORI, *$2,435-$4,020. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Styled by Yashua Simmons (hair by Ted Gibson at Jed Root Inc.; makeup by Linda Gradin for Giorgio Armani Beauty; manicure by Rieko Okusa for Chanel Le Vernis; casting by Zan Casting; model: Nur Hellmann at DNA Model Management)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OWEN BRUCE



DIOR



PRADA



LOEWE



NARCISO RODRIGUEZ

Runway: Imaxtree (7); Margot Tenenbaum: The Kobol Collection at Art Resource, NY; Loeffler Randall jacket, Altuzarra skirt, Tommy Bahama dress, Trademark coat, and Michael Kors Collection brogues: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for BJ Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

CHERRY ON TOP

Nonpermanent hair colors from London's hippest colorists, both, BLEACH LONDON, *$8 each, visit bleach-london.myshopify.com*

CANDY CRUSH

In quirky combos, creative layers, and even cotton-candy-colored dye jobs, dreamy pastels prove more chic than sweet



Foam-leather jacket, LOEFFLER RANDALL, *$1,095, available in August at loefflerrandall.com*



Stretch-viscose crepe skirt, ALTUZARRA, *$795, collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC*



Patent leather sandal, MIU MIU, *$890, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide*

WES POINT

Tracksuits + furs + nerdy flats: The Wes Anderson look leaps onto the runway



MAX MARA

ALTUZARRA

Amethyst, green quartz, and gold drop earrings, MARIE-HÉLÈNE DE TAILLAC, *$2,950, at Marie-Hélène de Taillac, NYC*

Calfskin handbag, BALENCIAGA, *$3,750, similar styles at Balenciaga, NYC*



MAD ABOUT MARGOT

The middle child's look in Anderson's *The Royal Tenenbaums* melds '70s sportif and dowdy Grandma.



Stretch-cotton dress, TOMMY BAHAMA, *$98, at Tommy Bahama stores nationwide. Faux-fur coat,* TRADEMARK, *$698, visit trade-mark.com. Leather handbag,* SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$2,750, at Saint Laurent, NYC. Metal hair clip,* LOUIS VUITTON, *$405, visit louisvuitton.com. Leather slip-on brogues,* MICHAEL KORS COLLECTION, *$650, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide*

ACCESSORIES



Embellished slip-on sandal, DOLCE & GABBANA, *$875, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide*

Embellished silk-blend and calfskin slip-on sandal, ROCHAS, *$1,175, collection at net-a-porter.com*

Embellished patent leather slip-on sandal, JIMMY CHOO, *$595, at select Jimmy Choo stores nationwide*

WHAT A STUD

Sweet 'n' low slippers get a dose of serious glitz

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department); for details, see Shopping Guide



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ARM CANDY

Leave it to Victoire de Castellane, who has reigned over the whimsical world of Dior Joaillerie for the last 17 years, to add a playful pep to even the most ladylike classic. Her rendition of the house's La Mini D watch features a black mother-of-pearl dial, a pavé diamond bezel, and rainbow-inspired patent leather ombré straps. The pint-size timepiece also comes with a plain black strap, but as Monsieur Dior famously said, "Black and white might well suffice, but why deprive oneself of color?"

Stainless steel, black mother-of-pearl, and diamond watches on patent leather straps, all, DIOR TIMEPIECES, *$4,500 each, call 866-675-2078. Metallized-calfskin handbag,* DIOR, *$2,700. Jeans,* J BRAND, *$228. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Caitlin Davis (styled by Yashua Simmons; manicure by Gina Edwards for Dior Le Vernis at Kate Inc.; model: Antonia O'Donogue at Parts Models nyc); Assoulin image: Instagram



The Wizard Behind the "Curtain Dresses" Award

ROSIE ASSOULIN @rosie_assoulin / **46.4K followers**

A keyhole into all that inspires the New York–based designer, beloved by Lily Aldridge and Jemima Kirke.



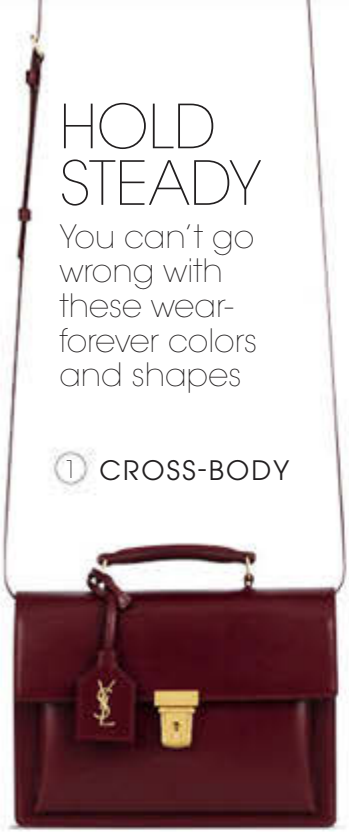
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1 CROSS-BODY



Leather handbag, SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE, *$1,890, at Saint Laurent, NYC*



Embossed-leather messenger bag, MICHAEL MICHAEL KORS, *$288, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide*



Leather cross-body bag, JASON WU, *$1,965, collection at neimanmarcus.com*



Leather cross-body bag, LONGCHAMP, *$650, at Longchamp boutiques nationwide*

2 CARRYALL



Leather handbag, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, *$2,950, visit ralphlauren.com*



Leather handbag, GIORGIO ARMANI, *$2,095, at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide*



Calfskin handbag, THAKOON, *$1,860, collection at Barneys New York*



Calfskin handbag, CÉLINE, *$2,700, at Céline, NYC*

3 BACKPACK



Calfskin backpack, MAX MARA, *$800, at Max Mara, Beverly Hills*



Vegetable-tanned leather backpack, MANSUR GAVRIEL, *$795, collection at Holt Renfrew, Montreal*



Crocodile backpack, NANCY GONZALEZ, *$3,850, collection at saksfifthavenue.com*



Leather backpack, BUSCEMI, *$3,160, visit buscemi.com*

Turini image: Instagram; Longchamp bag: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide



The Street-Style Savant Award

SHIONA TURINI @shionat / **45.6K followers**

The fashion editor–turned–style consultant's feed is expertly accessorized—and she absolutely crushes the crop-top game.

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Looks from the Mosaert collection

MUSIC OF THE ART

Having taken the music world by storm, Belgian singer Stromae is making big moves with a fashion label inspired by his own globally influenced, flamboyant style. By Noah Silverstein

It's hard not to notice Stromae (née Paul Van Haver) when he enters the lobby of New York's übermodern Nolitan hotel on a rainy afternoon—and not just because of his lanky, 6'2" frame and angular bone structure. It's also the outfit: an unapologetically loud burgundy-and-gold short-sleeve cardigan and polo set from his unisex clothing brand, Mosaert (like his stage name, also an anagram for *maestro*). Stromae, 30, is just hitting critical mass on American soil, but much of the rest of the planet already knows him as a megastar whose ultraexpressive, body-contorting performances of French-language hits like "Papaoutai" ("Dad, Where Are You?") and "Formidable" ("Wonderful") have collectively racked up more than 500 million YouTube views—not to mention as a certified style icon, with a penchant for English schoolboy uniforms emblazoned with his token symbol, the square root (known in French as the *Racine carrée*, it's also the title of his career-making 2013 album).

Stromae pairs a dance-ready pop/hip-hop hybrid sound with lyrics that run deep, taking on, for starters, middle-class debt and third-world famine in the 2009 breakout single "Alors On Danse" ("So We Dance"). That song hit number one in 19 countries and caught the attention of one Kanye West, who did a remix. (Stromae has also been remixed by Angel Haze and has collaborated with Lorde.) Fast-forward to Coachella this past April, when West made a sur-

Benjamin Brolet

prise cameo during Stromae's set. "It means a lot to me—he's an example of breaking barriers," says the singer, who, like West, resists easy definition. "I'm happy to be part of the hip-hop community, but I also want to be folk and French pop when I want to be."

The Mosaert collection, now available stateside (visit mosaert.com) after selling out at Paris's Colette in a matter of days last December, is the singer's answer to fans' demand for a piece of the Stromae look. "I didn't want to just make a 'Stromae' T-shirt with my face on it," he says. "It was about creating something with conviction, not just selling clothes."

Born to a Rwandan father and a Flemish Belgian mother and raised in Brussels, Stromae himself—and consequently, his collection, which he co-creates with his stylist, fellow Belgian Coralie Barbier, 30—represents a unique convergence of influences, melding graphic African-derived prints and colorful three-piece suiting (a tradition known as *sapeur*, native to Congo) with prep hallmarks such as crewneck sweaters and patterned socks like the ones he wore to school growing up. "I like the mix of those African styles and a kind of European dandyism," Stromae says.

The results are fantastical, optical separates, best exemplified by the green-and-magenta velvet blazer with a pattern of stacked isometric cubes he wears in the music video for "Tous les Mêmes" ("They Are All the Same"), in which he plays both a man and a woman. And the vibe appears to be catching on quickly: Maria Grazia Chiuri and Pierpaolo Piccioli of Valentino asked the singer and Barbier to sit in the front row at their men's and women's fall 2015 runway presentations in Paris. "They told us backstage how much they support our work," he says. And after seeing both shows—a Technicolor range of graphic prints—"we understood why they invited us. There's a visible connection between their work and ours."

For those who want to witness the Stromae effect in person, he's set to headline a concert at Madison Square Garden in October. And he doesn't rule out the possibility of another Kanye collab. At Coachella, Stromae says, "he said that he liked my performance and wanted to work on something in the future." To that, we say *formidable*! ●

KNX, KCBS, and CBS building, circa 1960s: Modernage Photo Service, Inc., courtesy of the Los Angeles Public Library Photo Collection; Molly Goddard: Philip Trengove; still lifes: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); Hadid: Instagram

WHAT'S IN STORE



LOS ANGELES NeueHouse, the Manhattan members-only shared workspace, is going bicoastal. Its new outpost is in the historic CBS Columbia Square building on Sunset Boulevard, once home to creative types of another era: some of the best-known comedy acts of radio's golden age, such as Gracie Allen and George Burns. *neuehouse.com*



SEOUL Paparazzi beware: Korean eyewear brand Gentle Monster—which counts Miranda Kerr and Jessica Alba among its fans—created supersize shades for Tome's New York Fashion Week show. *gentlemonster.com*



NEW YORK Piamita's beach capsule collection, which includes sarongs, tunic blouses, and loose-fitting halterdresses, offers more of the sophisticated twist on off-duty style that fans of the loungewear label have come to love. This shibori-print racer-back top is sure to stand out in the sun. *piamita.com*



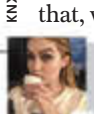
NEW YORK Paul Andrew is the one to watch for runway footwear collaborations. For fall, the New York–based designer created crocodile-embossed leather ankle-strap pumps with oh-so-on-trend block heels for Emilia Wickstead's London Fashion Week show. *paulandrew.com*





SYDNEY This season a pair of Aussie labels, Sarah & Sebastian and Dion Lee, teamed on "invisible" jewelry—including earrings with an arabesque that juts behind the ear—meant to look as if it's floating on the body. *sarahandsebastian.com*

LONDON Rising-star designer—and lover of all things frilly and froufrou—Molly Goddard's fall presentation was even more than we'd anticipated: Models wearing masses of party-ready tulle (nearly 20 meters in one dress alone) played art students as they sketched a male nude figure. *mollygoddard.com*



The Megamodel of the Moment Award
GIGI HADID @gigihadid / **3.2M followers**
Baby pics, itty-bitty bikinis, and daily squad (hi @kendalljenner! hi @caradelevingne!) goals—all taken from the front-row perch of fashion's green-eyed good girl.



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1 Cargo and load capacity limited by weight and distribution. 2 Government 5-Star Safety Ratings are part of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's (NHTSA's) New Car Assessment Program (www.SaferCar.gov).


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WHO'S THAT GIRL?

Native New Yorker Sandy Liang creates fabulous fur coats for the ultimate downtown It Girls. By Alison S. Cohn





Looks from the Sandy Liang fall 2015 collection

NAME: Sandy Liang
AGE: 23
PROVENANCE: New York City
CURRICULUM VITAE: A second-generation Chinese-American who grew up in Bayside, Queens, Liang graduated from New York City's über-competitive, STEM-focused Stuyvesant High School and enrolled at the Rhode Island School of Design, intending to study architecture. She transferred to Parsons The New School for Design in Manhattan after one semester and changed her major to fashion design. "I'm a city girl at heart," she says.
MADE IN CHINATOWN: Liang is not the first in her family to work in the fashion industry; her maternal grandmother spent the late 1990s as a seamstress in Chinatown. "She always says, 'Let me know if you ever need Grandma to come and make patterns for you,'" the designer says. "But she's my precious, precious grandma—I would never make her work!" While in school and living downtown, Liang interned for Jason Wu, Richard Chai, 3.1 Phillip Lim, and Opening Ceremony.
WRAP UP WARM: Inspired by the idea of the ultimate girl gang, with members real and imagined—which, to her mind, naturally includes Chloë Sevigny, Kate Moss, and Margot Tenenbaum—Liang created an Instagram-bait collection of candy-colored fur coats when she graduated just two years ago. They were immediately snapped up by a roster of below-14th-Street types, including model Soo Joo Park, fashion consultant Aziza Azim, and stylist Kate Foley, during a very cold New York Fashion Week that coincided with last year's polar vortex. For fall 2015, Liang has rounded out the line with cigarette pants, frayed-denim flares, and sheer tops. "I think it's a very sort of New Yorker trait to spend your money on a great coat," the designer says. "And then wear, like, the same three sweaters and two pairs of pants over and over."
PRICES: From $315 for a pair of frayed-denim flares to $6,250 for a baby-blue shearling coat
WHERE TO BUY: Assembly New York, American Rag in Los Angeles, and Avenue32.com ●

Kathy Lo (styled by Kate Foley)



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SHOPS

SHORT CIRCUIT

Pulling off the cropped pant—a major look for fall—is a matter of proportion and eye-catching footwear



Wool and silk blazer, J.CREW, *$595, visit jcrew.com*





Rose gold, hessonite garnet, and pink sapphire ring; rose gold, amethyst, and tsavorite ring; both, POMELLATO, *$2,500 each, visit pomellato.com*

DAY
Look for a slim, ankle-hugging boot. Bonus points for shine—patent dresses it up for work.

Lizard-printed PVC handbag, GUESS, *$118, visit guess.com*



Patent leather ankle boot, HILFIGER COLLECTION, *$490, at Tommy Hilfiger, NYC*



Wool trousers, STEVEN ALAN, *$268, visit stevenalan.com*

Runway: Imaxtree (1); Tamara Mellon pump: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Steven Alan trousers, Zadig & Voltaire jacket, Marc by Marc Jacobs pants, Casabella tank, Band of Outsiders blazer, and Paige jeans: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Claire Tedaldi for Hailey Resources); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

Gold and coral earrings, SOPHIE BILLE BRAHE, *$1,460 each, collection at Dover Street Market, NYC*

Suede pump, TAMARA MELLON, *$795, visit tamaramellon.com*

Steel and ceramic watch, TAG HEUER, *$1,450, visit tagheuer.com*

NIGHT
Close crop: The optimal hemline hits just above an eye-catching ankle strap.

Wool and polyamide blazer, BAND OF OUTSIDERS, *$1,295, at Band of Outsiders, NYC*

Wool-blend jacket, ZADIG & VOLTAIRE, *$538, visit zadigetvoltaire.com*

Cotton jeans, PAIGE, *$199, visit paige.com*

WEEKEND
A lean, elongated blazer adds structure and shape, whether bottoms are rolled, cuffed, or cropped.

BANANA REPUBLIC

Cow-hair bucket bag, ELIZABETH AND JAMES, *$595, collection at neimanmarcus.com*

Leather pump, COACH, *$295, at select Coach stores nationwide*

Lace tank, COSABELLA, *$100, visit cosabella.com*

Coated faux-leather pants, MARC BY MARC JACOBS, *$548, collection at shopbop.com*

SHAPING UP

From macrotops to microminis, the freshest ways to wear three key fall pieces

1 PEASANT BLOUSE



Silk blouse, TALITHA, *$813, collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC*



Silk charmeuse blouse, ALTUZARRA, *$795, similar styles at Kirna Zabête, NYC*



Cotton and silk blouse, REBECCA TAYLOR, *$375, collection at saksfifthavenue.com*



LANVIN

Metal pendant necklace, TORY BURCH, *$375, visit toryburch.com. Leather pants,* EACH x OTHER, *$1,620, collection at luisaviaroma.com*

2 MAXISKIRT



Cotton skirt, BCBGMAXAZRIA, *$348, at BCBGMaxAzria stores nationwide*



Cotton skirt, MARC BY MARC JACOBS, *$278, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide*



DRIES VAN NOTEN



Khaki skirt, SACAI LUCK, *$643, visit sacai.jp. Distressed-leather belt,* POLO RALPH LAUREN, *$145, visit ralphlauren.com*



Pearl-and-rhinestone-embellished wool sweater, ALICE + OLIVIA BY STACEY BENDET, *$440, visit aliceandolivia.com. Printed sandal,* NICHOLAS KIRKWOOD, *$595, visit nicholaskirkwood.com*

3 BODY-CON DRESS



Sequin dress, BEBE, *$159, visit bebe.com*



Silk dress, FAITH CONNEXION, *$1,730, visit faithconnexion.com*



SAINT LAURENT



Polyurethane dress, GUESS, *$138, available in October at Guess stores nationwide*





Quilted-goatskin handbag, BALLY, *$2,295, call 844-44-BALLY. Brahma-hair ankle boot,* SAM EDELMAN, *$150, visit samedelman.com*

Runway: Imaxtree (3); Altuzarra blouse, Each x Other pants, BCBGMaxAzria skirt, Marc by Marc Jacobs skirt, and Bebe dress: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Claire Tedaldi for Hailey Resources); Faith Connexion dress: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salerno for RJ Bennett Represents); Rebecca Taylor blouse, Sacai Luck skirt, and Guess dress: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

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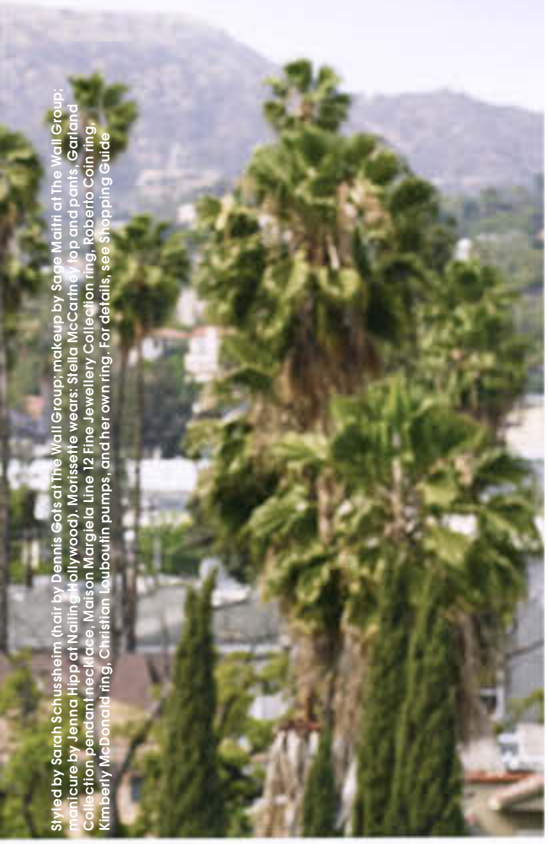
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SHE OUGHTA KNOW

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAJ JAMAI

As Paul McCartney so memorably sang, "It was 20 years ago today" that a young woman's fury flew to the top of the charts, and supercharged a generation. By Ben Dickinson



Styled by Sarah Schussheim (hair by Dennis Gots at The Wall Group; makeup by Sage Maitri at The Wall Group; manicure by Jenna Hipp at Nailing Hollywood). Morissette wears: Stella McCartney top and pants. Garland Collection pendant necklace. Maison Margiela Line 12 Fine Jewellery Collection ring. Roberto Coin ring. Kimberly McDonald ring. Christian Louboutin pumps, and her own ring. For details, see Shopping Guide

I'm here to remind you
Of the mess you left when you went away
It's not fair to deny me
Of the cross I bear that you gave to me
You, you, you oughta know

On July 7, 1995, Alanis Morissette's inimitable howl of rage hit America's airwaves, where "You Oughta Know" instantly became that summer's fist-pumping anthem—especially for the legions of young women who embraced it as a declaration of independence from sugar and spice and always having to be nice, even when they were filled to choking with ugly, not-nice feelings (often stirred up by the miserable behavior of the men in their lives). The sound of Morissette's voice slashing through the guitar and bass of The Red Hot Chili Peppers' Dave Navarro and Flea broke like thunder across a landscape recently lulled by the likes of Ace of Base and Hootie & the Blowfish. The song's lyrics—referencing a public act of fellatio and dropping the f-bomb, among other things—landed with an impact equal to its aural assault. And the album it heralded, titled with such brilliant aptness *Jagged Little Pill*, began its epic run to the top of the charts, further propelled by its subsequent hits: "Ironic," "Hand in My Pocket," "You Learn," "Head Over Feet," and "All I Really Want." The album has now sold more than 33 million copies worldwide, making it one of the dozen or so best-selling albums of all time.

Jagged Little Pill's year-plus ride on the *Billboard* Top 20 and the constant touring that went with it blew Morissette emotionally and existentially off course. "It was surreal," she recalls, speaking while ensconced at Big Sur in California, in the midst of writing a self-help book. "And I feel like I'm only getting a little objectivity on it now. I feel proud—not necessarily of the zeitgeisty success that it was, although that's a big chest bump—but that I can happily stand by everything that was written, content-wise, 20 years ago."

Morissette did a lot of traveling in India and elsewhere before circling back to continue her career; notable hits from her five subsequent studio albums include "Thank U," from 1998's *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie*, and "Hands Clean," from 2002's *Under Rug Swept*. Morissette was engaged to Ryan Reynolds for several years in the middle of the last decade, but they broke it off; then, in 2010, she married rapper Mario "Souleye" Treadway, and they now have a four-year-old son.

The two-decade anniversary of Morissette's moonshot to stardom finds her impressively busy. On September 18, a deluxe anniversary edition of *Jagged Little Pill* will go on sale, with several unreleased tracks from the session and one new song added. She has also committed to creating a jukebox Broadway musical based on the album with composer Tom Kitt, who worked with Green Day on the award-winning production of *American Idiot*. And Morissette has 13 songs in the can for a new album, which she plans to release next year.

For now, though, Morissette is focused on her wellness work: At the end of August, she will serve as a coleader of a five-day seminar at Big Sur's storied Esalen Institute, titled "Hurtling Toward Wholeness." Before that, she'll deliver the book she's now working on, addressing everything from eating disorders to addictions to post-traumatic stress disorder, which is slated for publication later this year. She describes it as "tons of storytelling in a semi-memoiresque vein." As her enthusiasm picks up steam, Morissette's preternatural verbal facility surfaces in long, looping sentences that seem to express her thoughts even as she's shaping them. "I love the idea of taking the multitude of experiences that I've had and alchemically using them to share some hard-won wisdom and insights I've had along the way," she says. "I use my own life stories as case studies to illustrate things that I want to share, whether it's about recovery from addiction or commentary on fame or childhood or stages of development—entertainingly sharing ideas and distilling a lot of academic, psychological, spiritual teachings" that she has avidly pursued for many years now.

It's easy to see Morissette's trajectory from "You Oughta Know" to her abiding preoccupation with wholeness and wellness; but it's also deeply amusing—ironic?—that the Angry Young Woman gets to have, as it were, the last laugh. ●



Cooke and Mann; bottom: Cyler and Mann

LIFE, DEATH, AND HIGH SCHOOL

A passel of new talent pulls off an astonishing high-wire act of a movie that's just about flawless. By Ben Dickinson

The teen-with-cancer drama is one of filmdom's most fraught genres—an emotional minefield rife with the danger of too much of...just about anything, from angst to angels, brightness to bleakness. The whole setup conjures your now-mortifying memory of that stage in pubescence when you lay in bed and imagined all your friends and relations filing past your supine form to share their last thoughts and emotions, their tears and their kisses, with your apparently doomed self. Oh, the humanity! Even an accomplished production such as last year's *The Fault in Our Stars* attracted, along with much-deserved love, an insistent murmur of resentment about buttons so expertly pushed. The reluctant moviegoer issues a quiet sigh: Must we, again?

That's why *Me and Earl and the Dying Girl* was the sweetheart of this year's Sundance Film Festival: It ingeniously subverts all our expectations and keeps them suspended in an indeterminate state all the way to the final credits. "Me" is Greg Gaines—an ungainly high school senior in working-class–slash–bohemian Pittsburgh who's preoccupied with remaining as socially invisible as he can. Earl Jackson is Greg's sole running partner, who shares his love of movies, which they watch at lunch in their history teacher's office, self-exiled from the action in the school cafeteria. Since middle school, Greg and Earl have made dozens of inspired low-tech short films with punning titles and visuals (example: *A Sockwork Orange*, employing sock puppets in a stop-action feature).

"The dying girl" is Rachel Kushner, a quiet, unassuming fellow senior whose mom is a friend of Greg's mom. When Rachel is diagnosed with leukemia, Greg's mom beseeches him to connect with her—which is of course all but unthinkable, given that they share no natural symbiosis in their class's teeming social biome. But connect they do, and in time this kicks Greg and Earl's filmmaking avocation into high gear. Although Greg feels compelled to tell us more than once that Rachel isn't really dying, he becomes obsessed with making a movie that honors her situation—a much bigger challenge than any he and Earl have taken on before.

And here's where this movie starts to get under your skin in a big way. When Greg and Earl ask classmates to contribute their thoughts on camera, we are treated to an excruciating series of clap-for-Tinkerbell moments: "Rachel, I believe in you!" "You're so strong—I know you'll make it!" And so on. The creative duo just about fall apart in the face of all this horrific bathos, but Greg soldiers on, and what he comes up with is nothing less than a sublime, subverting masterpiece of slyly purposeful indirectness that is immeasurably more moving than Hallmark sentiments.

But the true creators here are of course director Alfonso Gomez-Rejon, a relative newcomer; Jesse Andrews, who fashioned the screenplay from his award-winning debut YA novel of the same name; and legendary electronic-music maestro Brian Eno, who contributed original material and became deeply involved in the film's unerring soundtrack, which includes everything from hilariously inappropriate Renaissance chorale music to instrumental takes from Lou Reed's *Street Hassle*. The principals do a marvelous job of carrying the film, too: Thomas Mann as Greg is seemingly incapable of smarm; RJ Cyler as Earl projects a hilarious magnitude of world-wise knowingness; and, most of all, British newcomer Olivia Cooke utterly embodies the stillness at the middle of the storm that Rachel's illness wreaks on everyone around her. I never said this movie wouldn't wring you out. But, reluctant moviegoer, you won't regret it—not for a second. ●



Anne Marie Fox/courtesy of Fox Searchlight Pictures


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DIRECTOR'S SPOTLIGHT

SINGULAR SOUL

The unique gifts of troubled genius Nina Simone are on vivid documentary display

Good luck finding a more immersive and engrossing documentary about a historical figure than Liz Garbus's deep dive into the life of Nina Simone. A big reason *What Happened, Miss Simone?* connects with us so directly is that much of it is narrated by Simone herself, via generous helpings of interview tape that this sometimes self-consciously self-mythologizing artist generated over the years. "That was our most exciting find," Garbus says, "to be able to get her telling her life story." We get plenty more of it from Simone's impressively level-headed daughter, Lisa Simone Kelly, herself a recording artist who starred in the Broadway production *Aida* in 2002.

And what a story it is—about a black girl named Eunice Waymon from a tiny North Carolina hamlet whose talent at the piano was so apparent that the town's white inhabitants raised a collection for her musical education. She set her sights on becoming the first classical piano virtuoso of color, but, after getting some conservatory training, ended up working in Atlantic City nightclubs to make a living, taking the stage name Nina Simone to conceal from her proud parents that she was no longer on the classical track.

What she became instead was the *only* great female jazz instrumentalist and songwriter (other than, arguably, the pianist Mary Lou Williams) before the contemporary era. "The way she would weave in standards and change them and use her training—fugue and counterpoint and all these different things from classical music—her mind was clearly able to operate on a lot of different levels," says Garbus, whose award-winning work includes *Bobby Fischer Against the World*; *Love, Marilyn*; and *The Farm: Angola U.S.A.* On top of that, initially because a club owner demanded it, Simone sang as well as played, scoring an early hit with the Gershwins' "I Loves You, Porgy" and leaving her mark on standards such as "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" and "I Put a Spell on You."

So what did happen to Miss Simone that's gotten her somewhat lost in America's cultural narrative? First, she became a civil rights militant; radio stations boycotted her work after she released her scorching anthem "Mississippi Goddam" in 1964. Then, in 1970, convinced that her "civil rights music" wasn't "relevant" anymore, Simone left for Barbados, then Liberia, then Europe; she returned to the U.S. only intermittently thereafter. "Because of that huge absence, moving away from America and the regimen of commercial touring," Garbus says, "Simone isn't in the canon of twentieth-century artists. She's the overlooked giant." She was also eventually diagnosed with bipolar disorder, and she struggled emotionally, financially, and professionally during the decades before her death at 70 in 2003.

But what comes vividly off the screen, besides Simone's boundary-bursting virtuosity, is her indomitable spirit. "I guess it was just innate," Garbus muses. "I don't know how she psyched herself up to do some of the things she did. An 11-year-old girl demanding that her parents not be made to sit at the back of the hall before she will give a recital in a white church? Her father could have gotten hung from a tree for that kind of thing. That bravery was probably partly crazy, but also what made her so phenomenal." *—B.D.*



Simone (top left); Kelly and Garbus

MOVIES

TRUST US



BACK TO BAKER STREET

Ian McKellen reunites with director Bill Condon (*Gods and Monsters*) to make the quirky, clever Mr. Holmes—a character study of our Sherlock as a nonagenarian after World War II who is struggling, against his faltering memory, to decipher what went wrong in his last case decades earlier. McKellen embodies Holmes as earthily as if he were a great, old oak tree.



THE DARKNESS WITHIN

In The Stanford Prison Experiment, Billy Crudup plays the psych prof who conducted the now-infamous guards-and-prisoners role-playing exercise. A roster of rising stars, including Thomas Mann and Ezra Miller, act out the psychology of the kind of systematic dehumanization and subjugation that has repeatedly shocked our consciences—Abu Ghraib and Gitmo being the two most recent examples.



BODY BY JAKE

Southpaw, directed by Antoine Fuqua (*Training Day*), is a boxing drama that plays like a savvier, sassier *Rocky* remake, starring Jake Gyllenhaal as battered bruiser Billy Hope. But what gives the movie its real emotional wallop is Hope's struggle to master his lucrative anger in order to win back custody of his tween-age daughter, Leila, played with old-soul acuity by Oona Laurence.*–B.D.*

Clockwise from top left: Al Wertheimer/courtesy of Netflix; Tobias Koch/courtesy of Netflix; Scott Garfield/The Weinstein Company; courtesy of IFC Films; Giles Keyte/courtesy of Roadside Attractions; Bell: Dimitrios Kambouris/Getty Images



The "Just-as-Funny-as-You-Hoped-She'd-Be" Award

LAKE BELL @lakebell / 123K followers A real-time recounting of the topics trending inside the actor/director's brilliantly offbeat mind. Milk chocolate versus dark chocolate? Go!



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†Individual results may vary. Based on the SlimFast Plan (a calorie-reduced diet, regular exercise, and plenty of fluids). Check with your doctor if nursing, pregnant, under 18, following a doctor prescribed diet. © 2015 SlimFast.

(FICTION)

THE ELLE'S LETTRES 2015 READERS' PRIZE

15 ELLE readers choose their favorite among three promising new books—this month, novels about finding oneself



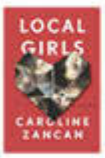
1 EIGHT HUNDRED GRAPES
LAURA DAVE
(SIMON & SCHUSTER)

After discovering her fiancé in a compromising position, the story's fallible heroine, Georgia, flees her former life for the expected stability of her family—only to find that they're dealing with emerging secrets of their own. Set in the vineyard-lush hills of contemporary Sonoma County, California, Dave's tightly woven family drama is best enjoyed with a glass of wine (or two); readers found this one impossible to put down.



2 THE SUNLIT NIGHT
REBECCA DINERSTEIN
(BLOOMSBURY)

When Manhattan-born Frances and Russian (by way of Brooklyn) Yasha find themselves one summer on a tiny Norwegian island where the sun almost never goes down, 95 miles north of the Arctic Circle, the two form an unlikely bond despite their wildly different backgrounds and internal lives. Dinerstein's special blend of melancholy and hope renders a character-rich, multifaceted story: "tragic," "life-affirming," "surreal."



3 LOCAL GIRLS
CAROLINE ZANCAN
(RIVERHEAD)

Zancan's enchanting debut centers on the deeply enmeshed friendship of three girlfriends, living at home one summer in a small Florida town. When a chance encounter with a celebrity and the reappearance of an estranged member of the group throw the girls' interpersonal problems into stark relief—class differences, a prank gone wrong—they are forced to reconsider one another and themselves. Zancan's writing captures the pain of adolescence and "will strike a note with any reader who can remember craving escape from the difficulties of growing up." *—Keziah Weir*

(FICTION)

BACK TO THE FUTURE

A time-traveling foray full of intelligence and heart *By Lisa Shea*



Five distinct sensibilities animate Louisa Hall's audacious second novel, *Speak* (Ecco), about the ways in which the traditional triumphs and limits of human communication connect to our growing interaction with and reliance on artificial intelligence.

In alternating chapters spanning the 1600s to the mid-twenty-first century, Hall conjures her yearningly intelligent characters, some of whom are inspired by their real-life counterparts, such as World War II code-breaker, mathematician, and hero of *The Imitation Game* Alan Turing; an imprisoned former Silicon Valley hotshot, sprung from the imaginings of Furby creator Caleb Chung; and a refugee computer scientist with a broken marriage, based on the experiences of programing innovator Joseph Weizenbaum. There also is a young English Puritan bride, Mary Bradford, shipbound for America with a husband she does not want, and Gaby White, an incapacitated young postmillennial whose primary lifeline is her correspondence with an AI software program.

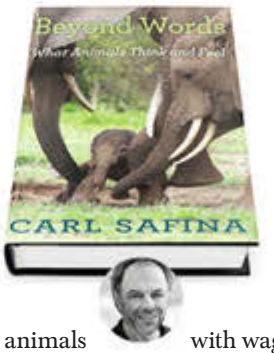
While the novel's ambitions are high-concept, Hall's narrative is notable for its persuasive heart. Missing his estranged wife, computer scientist Karl Dettman steals into their bedroom one night. "I'm back. I tried to stay away, but I couldn't. I even made myself a bed on the couch, but every time a car drove past, floating me in watery light, I was lonelier than ever again. And so. Here I am....Looking down at you while you sleep. Or while you pretend to sleep....I'll just take a seat in the armchair and watch you for a bit."

Speak gazes boldly forward and lovingly back in order to report on the nature of what it means to be human now. ●

(NONFICTION)

CREATURES COMFORT

A brilliant book reveals the emotional lives of animals *By Keziah Weir*



"I had known that a wolf pack is a family," writes ecologist Carl Safina in *Beyond Words: What Animals Think and Feel* (Henry Holt). "What I had not imagined was the politics involved, the personalities, the vendettas and coalitions, the family turmoil following tragedy, the loyalties and disloyalties." *Beyond Words* is an unprecedented exploration of animals and their shadowy inner lives, an area of study writers have shied away from for fear of anthropomorphizing—blasphemy in the world of behavioral science. Yet Safina sees this as limiting and self-centered: "Denying the possibility that any other animals have any thoughts or feelings reinforced what we all most want to hear: We are special."

The Brooklyn-born Safina, a PhD in ecology and the recipient of a 2000 MacArthur "genius" grant, makes intimate these wild animals in vivid family portraits. He calls species that distinguish among individuals "who" animals, noting how elephants cover the body of a killed family member with soil and leaves, plastering his bullet wounds with mud. For Safina, wolves are the animal kingdom's *Game of Thrones* characters: brilliant, brutal, and vengeful, but also magnanimous and merciful. The author is a font of research, his wonder contagious. He tells us of a lone male wolf who spends months wooing a low-ranking female in a rival pack. When he finally wins her over, they meet frequently, "all over each other with wagging tails and happiness."

There are those who refute the possibility that animals have emotions, citing their inability to verbalize at the complex level of human speech. But: "Think of love, of the way truly important things can be communicated with open arms, fingertips, a smile." To dismiss the idea of a shared emotional range makes it easier to dismiss our own species's problematic relation to nature; for both the Yellowstone wolves and the Amboseli elephants, we are the leading cause of death. Underlying each of Safina's beautifully limned animal portraits is the weight of human influence, and a challenge to exercise the power of empathy. "There is no other animal like us," he writes. "But don't forget: There are no other animals like each of them, either." ●

Hall: © Bonnie Berry; Halsey: Rachel Murray/Getty Images

To see this month's readers' comments, go to ELLE.com/readersprize.
Want to become a Readers' Prize juror? E-mail us at eagerreader@hearst.com.

(FICTION)

AFTERWARD

Jamesian love in the ruins *By Lisa Shea*



Mary-Beth Hughes's body of work casts a dreamy, hypnotic effect, even while slyly exposing the risks and rewards of love and its devastations among the upper class. Edith Wharton and Henry James own the mansion housing this slant of prose, all style and substance, and Hughes moves ever closer to such mastery with her second novel, *The Loved Ones* (Atlantic Monthly Press). Set in New York, London, and at the New Jersey shore in the late '60s/early '70s, *The Loved Ones* homes in on the Devlins in the aftermath of the family's loss of its young son. The world they inhabit is a cornucopia of private schools, members-only clubs, ocean-liner crossings, multiple homes, and chauffeurs, none of which can shield them—winsome Jean and debonair Nick; their teenage daughter, Lily; Jean's mogul father; Nick's backstabbing brother—from their deepest tragedy or their own everyday foibles. Jean and Nick struggle to regain the physical intimacy they'd always relied on to re-spark their often-sputtering marriage. Writes Hughes, "At some point Nick reached for her in a way she almost remembers...[H]is hands felt hard under her thighs, holding her up, catching her weight as if her whole body could be suspended in the air for a while, and for a moment it was." ●

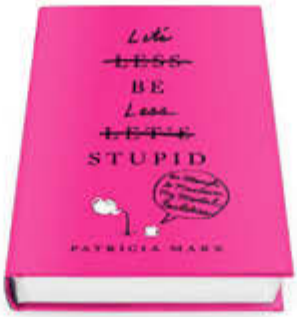
(NONFICTION)

THE DEPARTED

A young woman's epic escape from North Korea *By Elyse Moody*



Eunsun Kim is a famished 11-year-old, alone, scrawling her will in her last notebook, when her gripping memoir, *A Thousand Miles to Freedom* (St. Martin's), opens. From a "privileged" family, she, her sister, and their mother embark on a nine-year ordeal to escape North Korea during the famine of the mid-'90s after her father starves to death. They cross the frozen Tumen River into China only to be enslaved, arrested, and sent back—but slivers of luck get them, eventually, to Seoul, South Korea. Kim first shared her story with her coauthor, *Le Figaro*'s Seoul correspondent Sébastien Falletti, in 2011, when they met at the NGO where she works to combat complacency about the 25 million North Koreans suffering across a border 40 kilometers away. Blaming their fate on an "absurd totalitarian regime," she writes, does "not satisfy me and [does] little to assuage the unease in my heart." ●



(BOOKS)

TRUST US

FUNNY GIRL

Somebody had fun composing the memoir-slash-cognitive practicum ***Let's Be Less Stupid: An Attempt to Maintain My Mental Faculties*** (Riverhead), and her name is Patricia Marx, a former *SNL* writer now at the *New Yorker*. Smarten up with Marx's quizzes, brainteasers, anecdotes, and self-help guides while giving your funny bone a witty workout.

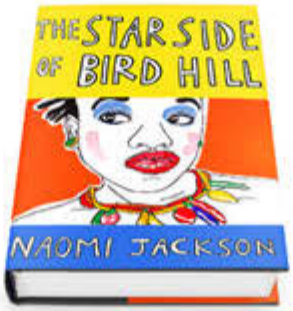


COLLECTIVE GENIUS

Top-shelf contemporary tales of all stripes—from neorealism to sophisticated horror to meta-physical hijinks—by Zadie Smith, Mary Gaitskill, Yiyun Li, Anthony Doerr, and 28 other scribes seduce us, and then some, in the ***New American Stories*** anthology (Vintage). Writes editor Ben Marcus, "When I want to be ambushed, captured, thrust into a strange and vivid world... I read short stories"—like this stellar selection.

ISLAND-HOPPING

Naomi Jackson's ***The Star Side of Bird Hill*** (Penguin) moves forcefully between Barbados and Brooklyn in this plangent coming-of-age debut novel about two sisters torn between their absent father's reappearance and their strong, matriarchal island family.—*L.S.*





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The pop/rock girl schools haters, thanks fans, and admits gems like, "I have tied my hair up with my underwear way too many times."



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BEAUTY



To craft the perfect orchid pink on model Frida Gustavsson, makeup artist Grace Lee blended Maybelline Color Sensational Vivids lipsticks in Pink Pop and Hot Plum.

Max Abadian (styled by Vanessa Craft)

THE NEW SCHOOL

We all like a #tbt—but even better, we love a glimpse of what's to come. Here, ELLE's favorite new antiaging, timesaving, all-around-beautifying breakthroughs for 2015

THE NEXT

EYE BRIGHTENER

The new (supereasy) statement eye for summer: a sweep of bright turquoise along the lower lash line. Makeup artist Grace Lee, who created the look below, promises that even a Day-Glo blue works "on every skin tone and eye color." She used an angled brush to blend Maybelline Color Tattoo gel shadow in Tenacious Teal (another ELLE favorite is Sephora's Summer Cruise), then kept "the rest of the face soft and natural."





THE NEXT

SIGNATURE SCENT

Gucci's latest eau, Bamboo, which was inspired by the idea of femininity balanced with power—and by the strong-as-steel resilience of its namesake—starts off soft and grows in intensity, from a fruity opening to a spicy floral heart to a sandalwood dry-down. Fittingly, the brand enlisted Israeli actor Gal Gadot—Wonder Woman in the upcoming big-screen adaptation—as the face of the new scent.



THE NEXT

PALETTE CLEANSE

For the past nine years, designer Jason Wu's runway love affair with vibrant, look-at-me shades of eye shadow—royal purple, molten gold, jungle green—has been a constant reminder that bright and bold makeup (above) can look chic. "I'm a firm believer that beauty and fashion go hand in hand," says Wu, who packs his 12 favorite shadows (plus bronzer and blush) into Lancôme's Runway Right Away megapalette.



THE NEXT

APP OBSESSION

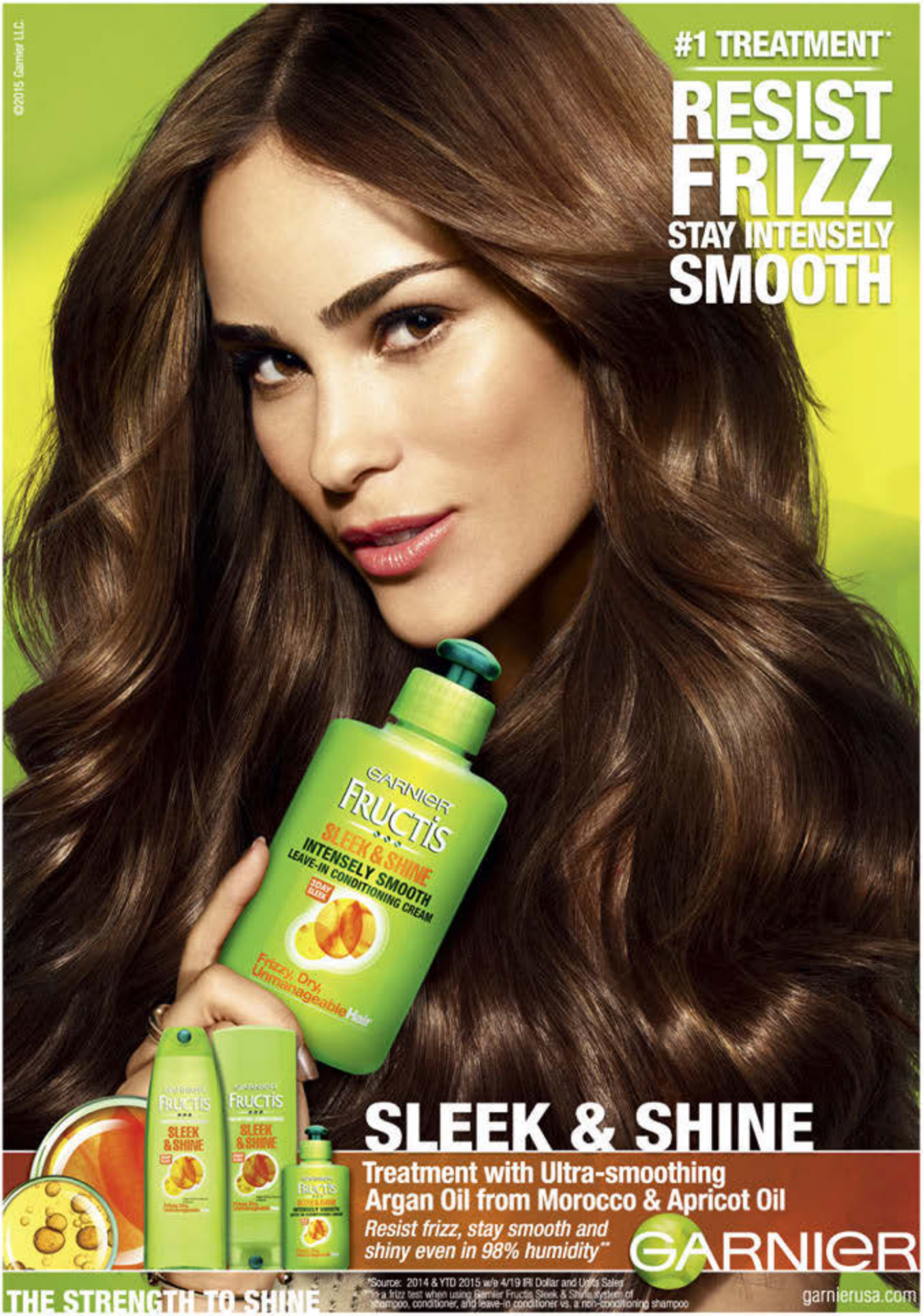
Sally Hansen's revolutionary ManiMatch smartphone app takes the guesswork out of choosing polish: A simple scan of your hand allows you to try on more than 200 shades—including 14 new Miracle Gel colors launching in July—in real time. The app also provides expert shade recommendations based on an analysis of your skin tone—or, if a specific bottle catches your eye in-store, just scan the bar code for a 3-D preview, no drying time required.

From center: Sally Hansen Miracle Gel in Morning, Sunshine!, Tribal Sun, Up the Ante, and Mintage.



Max Abadian (styled by Vanessa Craft); still lifes: Devon Jarvis/Studio D and Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D; backstage: Gorunway (2)

To celebrate its Smart skin-care line, Clinique has teamed up with brainiac conference TED to recruit women around the globe to submit their world-changing ideas. The most inspiring concept will win $20,000 to help make the idea a reality. Visit clinique.com for more info.


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THE NEXT
IT LIPSTICK

When planning the lineup for his M.A.C lipstick collaboration, designer Giambattista Valli tested hundreds of hues on the women who work at his Paris atelier. "You need to go to people who wear it every day," he says. "I wanted something totally graphic, modern, contemporary. And that would suit girls from all over the world." The end result? Five saturated work-on-everyone shades, from a stunning pastel pink to a juicy black cherry.





THE NEXT
LIGHT SAVER

Sunproofing skin goes beyond blocking UVA and UVB: Studies show that infrared and visible light, which make up 93 percent of the spectrum, also cause significant free-radical damage. Enter Philosophy's Ultimate Miracle Worker SPF 30, with an antioxidant complex formulated to target infrared-inflicted damage, plus cell-renewal-boosting plant cells and a slow-release retinol.



THE NEXT
PURSE ESSENTIAL

Byredo founder Ben Gorham translates what he calls his most "personal" perfume, Flowerhead, into a portable roll-on. The oil base ensures the high-octane floral blend (inspired by Indian wedding ceremonies) will last longer than if spritzed, and the roller lets you reapply the scent of true love all day long.



THE NEXT
PERFECT CONTOUR

For a sculpted look without going over the top, Tata Harper's Luminous Definition contouring kit—composed of a bronzer and highlighter duo, together with a dedicated brush—creates a soft interplay of light and shadow. The ultrablendable creams glide on easily for a healthy, lit-from-within glow.



FUTURE PERFECT

Top dermatologists (and ELLE DermNext* mentors) share this year's skin breakthroughs

Jeffrey Dover, MD
Chestnut Hill, MA
Doctors can now apply Zeltiq's powerful fat-killing deep freeze to more spots. "The flat-panel applicator is highly effective at treating the central portion of the belly and lateral thighs," Dover says. "And the new CoolMini, almost ready for prime time, treats smaller zones, including the submental (double-chin) area."

Mona Gohara, MD
New Haven, CT
The glaucoma eye drops that spawned Latisse are being repurposed as XAF5, an ointment that shrinks eye bags, perhaps permanently. "The ingredient was serendipitously found to cross the skin barrier and melt fat," Gohara says. "Seventy-five percent of patients in one study showed improvement in puffiness."

Kavita Mariwalla, MD
West Islip, NY
Just six sessions of injectable Kybella (formerly known as ATX-101) "visibly reduces the appearance of fat between the chin and neck," Mariwalla says of the fat dissolver, derived from an acid found in stomach bile. "It will definitely be an exciting alternative for patients who are not ready for neck lipo."

Rebecca Tung, MD
LaGrange Park, IL
Tung picked Kybella as a favorite innovation, but she's also thrilled about fresh ways to fatten up with the filler Radiesse. "Many women notice loss of fullness in the hands in their late thirties," Tung says. "One session of injections with this product can plump hands and even stimulate new collagen growth."

Max Abadian (styled by Vanessa Craft); still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D; Huysentruyt Grey: Instagram



The Art-of-Excess Award
CASSANDRA HUYSENTRUYT GREY @violetgrey / **23.4K followers**
No eyelid is left unwinged, no mirror unkissed in the very glamorous, very connected world of the founder of luxe beauty portal Violet Grey.


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WHAT LIES BENEATH

Her mission: to test waterproof makeup… while swimming with sharks. From psyched-out to sweet surrender, **Holly Millea** gets stranger in paradise

It's that time of year again—Shark Week—the time that sends my editor Liesl into a frenzy of overexcitement and bizarre teeth-baring. Liesl has a thing for sharks, like some people have for puppies and pandas, and I have for Rafael Nadal. So it comes as no surprise that she thinks it would be fun to swim with sharks, or even more fun to send *me* swimming with sharks—a wet dream she validates by turning it into an assignment to test the waterproofness of waterproof makeup and the latest sun- and sea-related essentials.

Isn't this a job for someone higher up on the editorial food chain—or a Navy SEAL?

"I'd love to go," Liesl says, pulling a sad face. "But I'm allergic to salt water."

Let's send Emily—ELLE's beauty director! Liesl shakes her head: "Eight months pregnant."

Deputy editor Maggie Bullock?

"We can't afford to lose her."

How about an intern? The place is crawling with them!

"Hel-*lo*? Who's our Beauty Adventuress?" Liesl grabs my shoulders. "Holly, this assignment has your name written all over it!" She forgot to add...in blood.

Emily appears, beaming, looking beatific. She hands me a great big go-bag: "These beauty products will protect you," she says. "Godspeed."

But, I'll be in a shark cage, right? Liesl sighs, hugs me good-bye, and asks, "Any last words?"

"Yeah, when Emily's water breaks, you'd better make a run for it."

Welcome to Paradise Island, just off beautiful Nassau, in the Bahamas, where the drinking age is 18 and the shuttle-bus seats are covered in plastic. Before I begin, let's get some things straight: I don't like sun. I don't like sand. I don't like swimsuits. And I especially don't like a sinus infection, from which I'm currently suffering. Though this did not dissuade Liesl from sending me off to meet my fate, or, in her words, "Get your ass on that plane," explaining, "It's my duty to see to it that you do your duty. The magazine is counting on me."

Because I'm also suffering from low self-esteem, abandonment issues, and Stockholm syndrome, Liesl has my sympathy. Hence, I include her in my last will and testament, written herewith, from my ocean-view room at the Reef Atlantis hotel, on the back of this pink flamingo postcard: "...and to Liesl, I leave the entire contents of my go-bag: Sanuk flip-flops made from recycled yoga mats; Benefit's waterproof They're Real! Mascara and Push-Up Eyeliner in blue, green, purple, and brown (you'll thank me for it through your tears at my

Nat Lanyon/thelicensingproject.com; Eldridge: Instagram



The #Flawless-ness Award
LISA ELDRIDGE @lisaeldridgemakeup / 318K followers
Followers flock to the Lancôme pro's perfect product shots and insider skin-care secrets, which have them upping their #nofilter game.

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SUMMER IS FINALLY HERE, AND WITH IT COMES THE OPPORTUNITY TO ENJOY LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASURES AND TO FIND YOUR PERFECT PERSONAL ESCAPE.

ALIA AHMED-YAHIA, style correspondent for ELLE, is our go-to girl for the latest in warm-weather fashion, beauty, and festive activities. Therefore, she is never without her must-have summer essential, **Hawaiian Tropic® Sheer Touch Ultra Radiance.**

See below and turn the page to see four of Alia's favorite summer escapes and her must-have style and beauty regimen suited for each occasion.











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ALIA AHMED-YAHIA
@THESTYLESCOUT
HOMETOWN: New York, New York
STATS: Style Correspondent for ELLE
PERSONAL STYLE: Chic and classic

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The Escape:
DAY AT THE BEACH

Beach season is by far my favorite season! Once the heat rises, my bag is packed and I'm ready to hit the sand and surf in style.

FASHION Going strapless not only eliminates the dreaded tan line, but the modest cut and femininity of this design brings the two-piece to a whole new level of sophistication.

BEAUTY I never hit the beach without **HAWAIIAN TROPIC® SHEER TOUCH ULTRA RADIANCE LOTION SUNSCREEN**. With special light reflecting pigments and broad spectrum UVA and UVB protection, the rich, non-greasy formula leaves skin soft and radiant while protected from the sun's rays.



LIFESTYLE I'm a toes in the sand kind of girl. There is nothing more relaxing than getting lost in my music.

The Escape:
SEASIDE STYLE

When the days are longer, you need a look that will last. From morning meetings to evening cocktails, my go-to summer style perfectly complements my seaside surroundings.

FASHION Bright white is the definition of summer chic. My seaside style secret...add in a little fringe movement for a modern spin to this classic look.



BEAUTY This time of year, I love the contrast of a bright white jumpsuit against sun-kissed skin. For that extra glow and protection, **HAWAIIAN TROPIC® SHEER TOUCH ULTRA RADIANCE CLEAR SPRAY SUNSCREEN** delivers a luxurious feel while keeping my skin looking luminous.

LIFESTYLE Everything is better with an ocean view. The shimmering water and salty air make it an ideal setting to catch up with friends.

The Escape:
FASHIONABLY ON THE GO

No matter the destination, which is always fashionably fabulous (of course!), the escape begins with my mode of transport.

FASHION An outfit without accessories is like a party with no cake. And aviators are by far a summer must...I always feel like I'm cruising in style.

BEAUTY I've mastered the art of touch-ups on the go, which makes travel-sized beauty essentials imperative. I always stash an extra supply of **HAWAIIAN TROPIC® SHEER TOUCH ULTRA RADIANCE LOTION SUNSCREEN** for portable protection.



LIFESTYLE A big part of my job is the ability to pack efficiently. I need to be able to look and feel fashionable wherever I land.

The Escape:
OUTDOOR WEEKENDER

Once the busy workweek is over, I hit the outdoors for some "me time". Whatever I need to do on the weekends, I do outside – there's no better place than in the sun.

FASHION Never underestimate the power of a colorful pattern. Texture can turn a simple sundress into a dramatic statement.

BEAUTY I feel protected as long as I have a layer of **HAWAIIAN TROPIC® SHEER TOUCH ULTRA RADIANCE LOTION SUNSCREEN** on wherever the sun hits my skin. Added bonus – the oil free formula is saturated with mango extract and shea butter complex, leaving my skin glowing and smelling good so I can beat the heat in style.



LIFESTYLE 4G wireless means never having to miss a sunny day. My life is perfectly portable, and I wouldn't have it any other way.


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DAILY USE
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HAWAIIAN Tropic Sheer Touch 30
HAWAIIAN Tropic Sheer Touch 50
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funeral); Bleach London Swamp Spritz hair texturizer; Shiseido WetForce sunscreen (very high-tech—water contact amps the UV protection by 20 percent); La Mer self-tanner; Bobbi Brown Beach Body Scrub (removes rough skin and survivor guilt); and Olas Marine Bio-Active Mouthrinse. As a bonus prize, I also leave to you my advance screening copy of *Sharknado 3: Oh Hell No!*, autographed by Tara Reid.

"To Emily, I leave the entire contents of the minibar."

I sign my name, pop a Sudafed Sinus Extra Strength tablet, don my ill-fitting bathing suit, tuck in my thighs, and, armed with nothing but a pair of floaties, march off to the island's Mayan Temple Shark Lagoon to do battle with sharks—ready to bat them away with my Benefit They're Real! Beyond Blue mascaraed eyelashes, which are more than a little intimidating, with every lash armored in neon color, superthickened, and stretched to such a mascara-y length that they're sweeping the inside of my sunglasses.

I elbow my way through a throng of shiny, sun-hat-wearing tourists smelling of coconut oil, drinking rum-centric drinks, and snapping photos in front of the plexiglass window of a 20-foot-deep tank swarming with 22 sharks. From somewhere in the crowd, the ominous strains of a *Jaws* ringtone goes off—*da dum...da dum... da dum...dadadadadadum!* People laugh. I need a Xanax. Feeling a tug on my floatie, I turn around to find a boy, maybe nine, who is sunburned and towheaded, with his hair gelled high, wearing yellow sunglasses and a SpongeBob SquarePants tee; the kid's physical resemblance to the sponge is uncanny. "Do you know what kind of sharks those are?" he asks. No, sorry. "That brown one is a nurse shark; it has two dorsal fins. They're known as the Labradors of the sea. And that one"—he points to what looks exactly like a great white—"that's a Caribbean reef shark. They're hyperactive; they have to keep moving in order to breathe."

Me, too! I shake his hand. "Thanks for the intel."

"Hey!" He follows me. *Where* is this kid's mother? "I betcha didn't know these sharks are pescatarian—they like to eat fish that are sick or dead already. They eat 135 pounds of fish a week!"

"Yeah? I bet you didn't know that the average person has 100 upper eyelashes and 80 lower eyelashes!"

"Sharks mate in the month of May!"

"Well, an eyelash only grows for 30 to 45 days, which is why they don't grow as long as the hair on your head!"

A handsome Bahamian, a young Sidney Poitier type, interrupts our competitive tête-à-tête and introduces himself. "I'm Captain Daril Davis. Will you be walking with the sharks today?" Actually, I'll be running from the sharks today. He smiles, handing me a liability release form. Among the list of questions on the waiver: "Do you currently have a cold, sinusitis, or bronchitis?" Egad.

I sign my life away, say see ya to SpongeBob SmartyPants, zip myself into a short wet suit, watch a quick shark dos-and-don'ts instructional video, and make my way up to the dive deck with a handful of co-adventurers, none so plump as me.

I step onto the ladder to make the 20-foot descent into the tank, and I lower myself until the water is chest level. Two of the dive masters, Brian Kelly and Kendrick Sherman, place on my shoulders a small backpack holding a scuba cylinder filled with 3,000 PSI of compressed oxygen. Next comes a massive, spacelike helmet over my head. They attach the oxygen hose between the cylinder and the helmet and turn the air on—I hear a popping noise and then *sssssssss* as it flows inside.

Sensing my anxiety, the third dive master, Phillip Campbell (think Kanye West), volunteers to shadow me. I start to descend, stopping every second step as instructed to equalize the air pressure building up in my head. Taking my hand off the slick, algae-covered rail, I slide it under the helmet, pinch my nose, blow against my ears (excruciating), carry on, and repeat. Only the third time, I slip and panic, bowing my head to look down (an instructional video no-no) and momentarily flooding my helmet with water, much of which I swallow. Yes, I've ingested bacteria-ridden, shark-excrement-and-chum-filled water. I'm going to be sick.

Phillip signals, "You okay?" I nod.

But at the bottom, I'm not at all okay. I can't bring myself to let go of the ladder's last rung. Phillip, who's diving with a mask and mouthpiece, offers his hand. I latch onto it, locking my other hand onto his forearm. It's not that I'm afraid of the sharks. I've been slammed with a darker fear: being here *now*.

I'm trapped. My heart is kicking against my chest: Get me out of here! Swamped in cortisol, I can't let my mind go off and wander back to the past (a favorite pastime) or run away predicting the future (most often anxiously, sometimes hopefully). I'm being forced by sharks and water pressure and Liesl to park in my headspace. It's tight. I can hear myself think. I hear the music teacher in *Whiplash*: "Were you rushing or were you dragging?" Yes, yes, always one or the other. I'm afraid I'll never be the blissful in-between. When was the last time I read a book? Finished a book? I hate Facebook. I have to get off the Internet. But everyone else would still be on, searching, searching, searching for something, leaving me disadvantaged and, worse, leaving me behind. What will they find? What won't I know? What are they Googling now? What deep knowledge are they accruing? What great life hack will they discover that will change their lives and not mine? I think of the line from that Mary Oliver poem: "Listen, are you breathing just a little, and calling it a life?"

I can't breathe through my nose, not even a little. Through the mouth, nice and easy, slow and deep, in...and out... in...and.... I'm feeling light-headed. My mask is fogging over from the heat of my breath. Phillip makes a wiping motion in front of his face. I let go of his arm and move to put my hand inside my helmet to wipe it off, and he pulls my hand down. He signals to Kendrick, who goes up to the surface. There's a huge splash above, bubbles everywhere. I feel a weight lifted from my back, and suddenly, the sound of absolute silence. The *sssssssss* stops. Cut off. No air. It's like I'm stranded on the moon. In space, no one can hear you scream.

Just as I'm about to try, the hissing starts anew, stronger than before, clear-

I'VE JUST SET MY RINGTONE TO "STAYIN' ALIVE" (AND THRILLED THAT I STILL AM) WHEN MY PHONE STARTS SINGING. "HI, HOLLY? THIS IS TARA REID CALLING."

ing the fog. What the f--k just happened? Then this thought: *Shark! Massive, beautiful, soaring, close.* Phillip reaches out, brushing his hand against its belly as it passes. I reach out too. But Phillip blocks my arm, shaking his head and wagging his finger, No, no, no.

Here's another disturbing reality I have to face. Now that I'm not panicked, I'm bored. (*Are you rushing, or are you dragging?*) I wave good-bye to the sharks and rise to the surface, where Captain Davis helps me onto the dive deck. I'm walking like a drunken sailor. "It takes a minute to get your balance back," he says, pulling up a chair. "You know what happened when you were down there?" He faux-hyperventilates. "You were breathing too heavy. These tanks last an hour, but after 15 minutes, they said your tank was empty. That's a record! I could see it in the water, the bubbles coming up. That's why we switched it."

Phillip emerges, massaging his hand: "She dislocated my thumb!" Sorry. "It's okay, pretty lady." (I notice that the Bahamians, men and women both, address people with honeyed words. Sweet!)

I completely forgot! How's my makeup? Is it still on? "Beautiful, so blue, your eyelashes," Captain Davis says. *Beyond* blue. "Very pretty. Very nice."

I promise to tell the world how they saved my life today, and they laugh, giving me high fives. After hugs good-bye, I leave, looking back across the Mayan temple to salute my captain. He, smiling, calls out, "Make me famous, baby!"

The first thing I do when I get back to my room is crack open the Olas Marine Bio-Active Mouthrinse, hoping that the ingredients—sea salt (an oral wound cleanser), algae, organic essential oils, CoQ10, and echinacea—will kill the shark-tank bacteria setting up house in my mouth. From the first swish, I'm pretty much swept away. After the initial sting of menthol and licorice root, my mouth is awash in fragrant oils: cypress, frankincense, orange, lemon. This is a big deal for us mouth breathers, as the oils prevent dry mouth, which leads to cavities and toxic breath and a whole host of other nasty ailments. (Your mouth is the front door to the rest of your body; your tongue is the welcome mat.)

An "Olas" Google search describes it as "an oral beauty product," which makes me chuckle. And here's an Instagram photo of my favorite model, Cara Delevingne, with actress Michelle Rodriguez, hamming it up, swigging from Olas bottles. (Fact: You can actually drink this stuff and it won't hurt you.) Another fact: It's pricey—$21 for 7 ounces—but cheaper than a Novocain shot.

I go into the bathroom to spit it out and look in the lighted magnifying mirror. My eyeliner and mascara are exactly where I put them. Not a single sign of smudging, flaking, or caking. And the neon color is crazy blue—frankly, too blue for a woman of my certain age. Cara and Michelle, on the other hand, could rock this look.

I FaceTime with my brilliant insurance-accepting dermatologist, Sheryl Clark, MD, to show off my lashes and ask her some pressing questions. Like, how am I going to remove makeup that survived swimming with sharks and a trip down a 60-foot waterslide? (*That* was the ultimate test.)

"Wow!" Clark says, laughing. "They're, like, radioactive-glowing."

"Right? So crazy." I ask her what makes any mascara waterproof, and she gives me a chemistry lesson. "The basic ingredients haven't changed over the years—pigment, wax, oil, emulsifiers, and preservatives, and sometimes plasticizers as a minor additive to keep the ingredients supple," Clark says. "It takes years and millions of dollars to get FDA approval of new [cosmetic] ingredients. So what manufacturers do is vary the amounts of those ingredients to come up with a different kind of product. When you want something to be waterproof, you make it oil- and wax-based, because those polycarbons exclude water." (Benefit uses carnauba and candelilla wax.)

To remove the mascara's grip without losing lashes, "use an oil-based makeup remover," Clark says. "You fight fire with fire." She adds, "I have to say, I'm not sure anything waterproof should be an everyday thing. It does stick, so it can cause whiteheads, milia, sties...."

Any other advice while we're incurring roaming charges? "Yes, put down the eyelash curler. It's bad for the lashes—you're pulling as you're squeezing and shortening the length of the lashes by pulling out the ones still in the growing phase. Not to mention, you have a weird artificial crimp in your lashes. I can tell you curled them after applying your mascara—that's the worst!" (For the record, I'm never giving up my Shu Uemura eyelash curler, which, as Beauty Adventure readers know, can also open beer bottles.)

Like nurse and reef sharks, I prefer my fish already dead. I order sushi, pop the cork on a bottle of Emily's inheritance, and settle into a *Sharknado* marathon, loving every crazy moment, and superloving Tara Reid's makeup, which, like Tara herself, survives endless assaults and looks fantastic. On a tipsy whim, I send her a Facebook message, begging her to trade shark tales and makeup tips with me. I leave her my cell number. A girl can dream, can't she?

The next morning, I double the size of my hair with Swamp Spritz (hand to God, my hair is so big, it looks like a wig), trace my lids with Benefit's They're Real! Beyond Purple gel eyeliner, and coat my lashes in They're Real! mascara, all of which makes me look electrified and '70s-sexy for the plane ride back to New York, home of *Saturday Night Fever.* Speaking of fever, my sinuses have cleared!

And what do you know? In the car on the way to the airport, I've just set my ringtone to "Stayin' Alive" (and thrilled that I still am) when my phone starts singing. "Hi, Holly? This is Tara Reid calling." OMG! How much do I love Tara Reid right now? I tell Tara about my not-really near-death experience and how my makeup stayed on, and how impressed I am with her *Sharknado* performances and her makeup's performances, too! She laughs and spills her secrets: "I wear Armani foundation—it's light and stays put even though it's not waterproof. And Benefit's BadGal Waterproof mascara—love it—and M.A.C eye shadow and liner, which I apply with a lip brush inside my lids." (I didn't tell Tara then—but Tara, I'm telling you now!—Dr. Clark advises against this because lining the "waterline," the space between your lashes and eyeball, can put you at risk for bacterial infection.)

In addition to more makeup, *Sharknado 3* promises "more sharks, more special effects, and more fun," Tara says. "We're premiering in 86 countries on the same night! I never knew how much the world loves sharks." Before letting her go, I wish Tara luck and make her an honorary Beauty Adventuress for the month of July. "Thank you so much!" she says upon receiving what is sure to be one of many *Sharknado* accolades.

The driver pulls up to the United Airlines drop-off. "Here you are, beautiful," he says, handing me his card: Gladston King, Chosen Transportation Services, Airport, Weddings, Funerals, Proms. "My home will always be your home. I want you to come back and surprise me."

So lovely. Let's leave it at that. ●

Teasdale: Instagram



The Harry Styles Hair Stylist Award
LOU TEASDALE @louteasdale / 1.9M followers
One-D hairstylist Lou Teasdale posts backstage and punk-beauty inspo along with affectionate selfies with Harry and the boys and lustworthy travel shots starring, of course, impeccable hair.



Roszak took Emily Blunt and Emma Stone old-Hollywood, but kept Zoe Saldana modern and loose.



Roszak calls KÉRASTASE *Elixir Ultime Serum Solide "a little piece of heaven" for its miraculous ability to calm frizz and erase static.*



Roszak sprizes SACHAJUAN *Ocean Mist on damp hair to add body.*



"Out of the gate, I like to moisturize the ends. But just the ends," says Roszak, who uses "just a dab" of L'ORÉAL PARIS *OleoTherapy Oil Essence.*



BIG SEXY HAIR *What a Tease Backcomb in a Bottle "is great for adding immediate texture and hold to the hair."*

FREE SPIRIT

Hairstylist Mara Roszak makes waves with L.A.'s most laid-back leading ladies. By Julie Schott

What a difference a week makes: Early in her career, Mara Roszak went from giving $5 beauty-school haircuts to styling Sarah Michelle Gellar's hair for a premiere, thanks to an intro from a friend. "I'd never done anybody's hair except my friends and family and beauty-school customers," Roszak says. "After the premiere, Sarah hired me for her entire press tour. " Thirteen years later, Roszak, now L'Oréal Paris's celebrity hairstylist, creates breezy waves on celeb fans such as Emma Stone, Emily Blunt, Kate Mara, and Zoe Saldana. "I never want to *put* a hairstyle on someone," she says. "I like the person to show through."

You've taken some clients gradually shorter over the past year. Is the slow shift strategic?

If you start with a longer bob, just below the shoulder, you can rock that for a couple of months. Then you map out your next style, which is maybe a collarbone bob. Ease your way into it. It's a little bit less shocking.

Does texture affect how short you can go?

I never want someone at home fighting with their hair to try to make it look the way the stylist did. The whole point of having short hair is that you want to be free of the battle. So if you have thicker hair, you definitely need to put texture into your cut. If you have curly hair, you'll need to get a cut with blended layers that will keep it from going too round.

What's your secret to those loose, tousled waves?

When hair is about 70 percent dry, I'll prep it in either one big braid or two pigtail braids. Not too tight, not perfect. You want the braid to start the shape of a natural wave. And then hit it with a dryer to set the hair into that form. Then, before it's totally dry, I take the braids out and rough-dry the rest of the way.

Are certain hairstyles more photogenic than others?

One of the most photogenic hairstyles, and also one of the most difficult, is the perfect old-Hollywood wave. It reads beautifully on camera because the waves are shiny.

Can I do this at home?

Yes, but you have to treat it like sculpture. Wrap the hair around the curler in the same direction all around the head, let it sit, then spray it and brush it out. Then you remold it with the brush, clip it, spray it, then let it sit again. Once you take the clips out, you want it to be almost a fixed structure. You really don't want it to move.

And then to get that shine?

Make sure you're blowing the hair out pretty and smooth first. Shine products help, but trying new ones can be scary for a hairstylist. If you over-oil, you can't get it out, and you have to start all over by shampooing. So I prefer light shine products, almost like hairsprays. I'm obsessed with the L'Oréal Glossing Mist since it just mists out. When the flash bounces off the shine on the hair, it creates a glimmer effect. It's pretty wild. •



Roszak

Blunt: Chris Jackson/Getty Images for IWC; Saldana: © Carlos Diaz/Retna Ltd.; Stone: Richard Bord/Getty Images; Roszak: Andreas Branch/PatrickMcMullan.com/Sipa Press; still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D

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THE 2015 GREEN STARS

For ELLE's ninth annual eco-awards, 30 hair, makeup, and skin pros weigh in on the natural wonders of the beauty world, from a blush that's a photo-shoot regular to a wrinkle blaster beloved by derms. By Ashley Flor

COMPLEXION PERFECTION

Mattifying **COOLA** Mineral Face Sunscreen SPF 30 is enriched with moisturizing rose-hip oil and tinted just enough to make skin look flawless, not makeup-y.





JOHN MASTERS ORGANICS Vitamin C Anti-Aging Face Serum protects skin from environmental nasties and promotes collagen synthesis with vitamin C and sea algae extracts.



Packed with exfoliating fruit and vegetable enzymes, the decongesting and brightening **TATA HARPER** Resurfacing Mask delivers super-smooth, radiant skin in less than 30 minutes.



Panel members praise **JUICE BEAUTY** Blemish Be Gone, an on-the-go zit zapper that targets spots with willow-bark-derived salicylic acid and anti-inflammatory aloe.

BODY LANGUAGE



For use on wet or dry skin, on the face or body, **BADGER** Unscented Broad Spectrum SPF 30 Zinc Oxide Sunscreen Cream provides heavy-duty, antioxidant-enhanced, 100-percent-mineral sun protection.

TRUE NATURAL Tropical Self Tan, which contains vegetable-derived DHA and a nourishing blend of essential oils, develops into a just-right hue—neither orange nor streaky—in three hours.





Calming green tea and healing argan oil boost the restorative properties of **SOLEIL TOUJOURS** Après Soleil Exotic Shimmer Body Oil—but it's the paradise-island jasmine scent that provides true postbeach bliss.

A prebikini buffing with **ILA** Energising and Detoxifying body scrub will smooth rough patches and stimulate circulation, courtesy of Himalayan salt crystals and zingy juniper-berry oil.

Ricardo Simal (styled by Maybe Corpaci); still lifes: Devon Jarvis/Studio D and Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D

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BASIC INSTINCTS

Thanks to a perfect ratio of glowy pigment to moisturizing coconut oil, **RMS** Lip2Cheek (shown in Promise) adds an equally alluring flush of color to face or lips.



Our Green Star makeup artists dab the sheer-but-buildable **W3LL PEOPLE** Narcissist stick foundation just where it's needed for a quick fix, or for full coverage, they use a damp sponge to blend all over.



Moisturizing skin perfector **JANE IREDALE** Active Light concealer hides dark circles and redness while it treats skin with antiaging white tea and soothing cucumber.



Made from crushed minerals and semiprecious stones, **OCC** Pure Cosmetic Pigments (shown in Turquoise and Royal Blue) deliver a blast of intense matte color to lids.



Soft, smudgy, and "blacker than black," according to one of our panelists, **ANTONYM** Noir eyeliner has been dermatologist tested and approved for use on the delicate waterline.



Choose your own lash adventure: One coat of beeswax-based **W3LL PEOPLE** Expressionist Bio Extreme Mascara creates a soft, fluttery finish; three coats deliver a mega faux-lash effect.

TURN IT UP



A three-time Green Star winner, **ILIA** Lipstick earns votes for its lush formula made of six nourishing oils and its well-edited 13-shade lineup of modern hues, such as Pink Kashmir, Ink Pot, Wild Child, and Voilà.



Bronzer isn't just for creating a beachy glow: Creamy metallic **RMS** Buriti Bronzer melts into skin to mimic the soft-focus radiance of candlelight.



Ricardo Simal (styled by Maybe Corpac); still lifes: Devon Jarvis/Studio D and Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D

HAIR SUPPLY

Whether you're looking for sleekness, volume, or extra nourishment, there's a natural treatment to do the trick



GET STRONGER



The soy protein and botanically derived hyaluronic acid in **JOHN MASTERS ORGANICS** Honey & Hibiscus Hair Reconstructor seal in moisture to reduce breakage when used as a weekly mask.



A styling spritz that moonlights as a hair bodyguard, emollient-rich **INTELLIGENT NUTRIENTS** Replenishing Hair Spray contains natural polysaccharides that form a barrier to protect strands from daily wear and tear.

GET SMOOTH



INTELLIGENT NUTRIENTS Straight Hair Serum, with gloss-boosting essential oils, gives shape and shine to straight *and* curly hair, and can also be used as an SOS for 4 P.M. depouffing.



Applied like a leave-in conditioner, **DR. BRONNER'S** Peppermint Organic Hair Crème ensures hair will remain frizz-free until your next shampoo.

GO BIGGER



A sprinkle of cornstarch-based **ACURE ORGANICS** Argan Stem Cell Dry Shampoo at the roots builds bombshell volume—no heat tools or back-combing required.



Big, bouncy hair starts with the right shampoo. The gentle coconut-based cleansers in **100% PURE** Kelp & Mint Volumizing Shampoo remove all residue without stripping.

What makes a Green Star? Our panel of the country's top hairstylists, makeup artists, and dermatologists tested the products you see here at photo shoots, on the red carpet, at runway shows, and on their derm-office patients. Each Green Star must be powered by natural ingredients, such as antioxidants and retinol derived from botanical sources; free of parabens, phthalates, and sulfates; and sustainable (avoiding non-responsibly-sourced palm oil and petrochemicals).

Makeup artists: Kristen Arnett, Taylor Chang-Babaian, Katey Denno, Suzy Gerstein, Nico Guilis, Marcie Lakin, Lottie, Gabbi Pascua, Fiona Stiles, Anna Webber.
Hairstylists: Jen Atkin, Bethany Brill, Aaron Grenia, Chase Kusero, Dhiran Mistry, James Pecis, Aviva Perea, Amoy Pitters, Vanessa Price, Allison Woodruff.
Dermatologists: Leslie Baumann, MD; Annie Chiu, MD; Doris Day, MD; Jeanine Downie, MD; Dendy Engelman, MD; Allison Hanlon, MD; Rosemarie Ingleton, MD; Debra Jaliman, MD; Ellen Marmur, MD; Noëlle Sherber, MD.

David Burton (styled by Julie Chanut; model: Julija Step at IMG); still lifes: Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D; Atkin: Instagram



The Haute How-To Hairstylist Award
JEN ATKIN @jenatkinhair / **583K followers**
The founder and CEO of must-read website Mane Addicts posts the starlets she gets red-carpet ready—Dakota Johnson, various Kardashians—and the products and tricks she uses for each look.



ELECTRIC OMMM...

Could strapping on a headband help zap away everything from anxiety and insomnia to ADHD? Nina Burleigh gets wired

Last year, I went to New Mexico to interview a retired nuclear scientist named Gerald Yonas for a story about the storage of old nuclear weapons. Try as I might, however, I couldn't keep Yonas on the topic; all he wanted to talk about was his postretirement passion, electricity and the brain. Studies were showing electrocranial stimulation could be effective for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder in soldiers, he told me, as well as for anxiety and depression. And this was tiny doses of current (1 or 2 milliamperes), not the 800- to 1,000-milliampere shock therapy of old. Plus, he said, there had been a surge of interest (my pun, not his) in using electricity to increase focus and treat...insomnia.

You're right, I almost blurted, who cares about accidental nuclear annihilation! I've spent a grueling decade struggling with middle-of-the-night wakefulness, meaning that at the hour of the wolf, several times a week, I come to consciousness with a jolt of adrenaline, which then gets put to the dubious use of magnifying the small issues of my day: a forgotten thank-you, a lost earring. As a generalist journalist, I also suffer from what I consider to be occupationally induced attention deficit disorder: With the increasing global mayhem, I'm overwhelmed by competing inputs and find myself flitting manically among tasks (or social media feeds).

When I confessed all this to Yonas, he said he had the man for me, which is how I find myself back in New York at the Madison Avenue offices of Chip Fisher, the scion of the family that mass-produced home stereo systems starting in the 1940s. Fisher has used his inherited fortune to invest in various companies, and in 2007 he bought the patent for a so-called cranial electrotherapy stimulator (CES). "It was appealing for me personally," he says, explaining that he was looking for nondrug alternatives to allay his own psychological unrest. "It very much treated my anxiety and insomnia."

The device that Fisher shows me—and that I'm equal parts excited and scared to try—looks like a TV remote attached to two wires that are positioned on each temple, sort of like headphones. Turned on, the Fisher Wallace Stimulator pumps a barely perceptible amount of alternating current into the brain for 20 minutes, then switches off automatically. (We're doing a trial run with it here in Fisher's office, before I take it home to try.) As Fisher hooks me up, he assures me that it's safe, and I know that the FDA has cleared his stimulator, as well as several others, for the treatment of depression, anxiety, and insomnia. (Some health-care practitioners also recommend it for focus, as well as ADHD in children, chronic pain, and skittishness in horses, Fisher will later tell me.) Still, I'm nervous, espe-

Olaf Wipperfuerth/theincensingproject.com; Collins: Fred Lee/ABC/Getty Images

cially when tiny yellow lights flash in the corners of my field of vision. But it's just a sign that the device is working, Fisher says, and after the lights I don't feel, see, or hear anything else unusual.

At-home CES got its start in the 1950s, when scientists in Russia experimented with applying voltage to the cerebral cortex to improve sleep. They called it "electrosleep," and for a while it caught on in Eastern Europe. In 1966, the first International Symposium on Electrotherapeutic Sleep and Electroanaesthesia was held in Graz, Austria.

But further research failed to confirm that electrotherapy cured insomnia, and it didn't get attention in the United States until a Texas firm investigating new products sent a delegation to Japan in the late 1960s to find out about a device being used to relax engineers who drove the bullet train between Kyoto and Tokyo. They returned with the Russian Electrosone, which, with some modifications, became the first FDA-approved CES device, called the Neurotone 101.

The Neurotone went the way of the Jetsons, but recently there has been renewed exitement about noninvasive electric treatments such as CES, as well as a series of studies, albeit small and not terribly well designed, attesting to its potential benefits. For instance, a Harvard School of Public Health meta-analysis concluded that though the 18 CES studies under review had methodological problems, the treatment had a "statistically significant effect" on anxiety. As for its impact on memory and concentration, there have been a handful of studies such as one published in 1999 in the *Journal of Integrative Physiological and Behavioral Science*, in which attentiveness improved in 31 percent of subjects post-CES compared to only 4 percent in a control group. For insomnia, it's a similar story: some data show CES works, but the science isn't high quality.

Why CES would work at all is something of a mystery. Imaging shows that electricity provokes activity in the trillions of synapses in the brain—the structures that permit neurons to communicate by passing neurochemical or electrical signals between them—but this is a description of what happens more than an explanation of why it's salutary, says Geoffrey Woodman, PhD, an assistant professor of psychology at Vanderbilt University who's involved in ongoing studies of CES. "You make neurons more likely to fire, and they oscillate," he says. "But when we say it improves mood, focus, and memory, which we found, we are talking about these fairly delicate mechanisms. And just having all neurons fire at once wouldn't clearly result in that. How that occurs is still under investigation."

Fisher compares the subtle changes in the brain to those inspired by meditation. After my test session, he sends me home with instructions to use his device for 20 minutes a day for a month (the usual recommendation is 30 to 45 days, then just periodically, if one is feeling especially stressed). Because this was my first treatment, he says that I might feel a little tired that afternoon and have more vivid dreams than normal if I take a nap. He's right; I get sleepy a few hours post-CES and fall asleep. When I awaken, not only do I realize I've had a vivid dream, but I also feel like I'm returning from a dark, velvety place—a land I rarely visit anymore on my own. It seems like a promising start.

For the next month, I do my 20 minutes while reading before bed, hooked up next to my bemused husband. For the first few nights, I note unusually deep sleep, then roughly two weeks of far more numerous and memorable dreams and general sound sleep. But the effect seems to wear off around midmonth, and I'm back to occasional, though less prolonged, middle-of-the-night awakenings.

And even though I'm not sleeping like a baby, it does seem as if my overall frame of mind is better. True, I wasn't depressed to start with, but I can be moody; one of my college nicknames was "Surly Burleigh," and I suspect that the CES is keeping me from absorbing the emotional brunt of this brutal New York winter. The most dramatic change, however, is in my concentration. Normally I can't start writing in the morning without completing a wide array of "tasks," including checking and rechecking social media, washing dishes, putting the living room to rights, and starting to eat lunch. But these days I'm sitting down and diving right in to work, and sticking with it for longer periods.

Fisher says he sells more than 10,000 stimulators a year, mostly to individuals with depression or anxiety who have been advised to try the device by a therapist or physician; about a quarter of his sales are to substance-abuse clinics, he adds. Psychiatrist Stephen Xenakis, MD, who treats veterans with PTSD and brain injuries as well as torture survivors, says he uses CES as a complement to antianxiety and antidepressant medications, and for patients who can't tolerate the side effects of such drugs. "[CES] is great adjunct," Xenakis says. "It helps with sleep, anxiety, and depression, all of which converge in many ways." Informally tracking his CES patients, he says that "more than three-fourths" report it has lessened both sleeplessness and depression.

THE IDEA THAT ELECTROTHERAPY CAN MAKE YOU SMARTER OR HAPPIER HAS EVEN ATTRACTED A DIY CROWD.

The uptick in interest in electric healing, so to speak, likely has many sources: the failure of pharmaceutical treatments for some emotionally distressed patients and an increase in funding for brain research in recent years, for starters. There's also something decidedly faddish about electrotherapy, related as it is to our plugged-in lives, our love affairs with our devices, the whole tech-obsessed zeitgeist. The idea that electricity can make you smarter or happier has even attracted a DIY crowd, like Tennessee academic engineer Brent Williams, who was profiled in a *Wired* article last year. Williams built his own version of an electric brain stimulator with $20 worth of supplies from Radio Shack and now blogs about it, arguing that wider use of such devices could significantly reduce the number of suicides from depression.

As for me, during my personal—and, it cannot be overstated, unscientific—experiment, tales of electrifying nights became regular dinner-party fodder. I told how my poor husband fell asleep beside Frankenstein's bride, a woman with wires attached to her temples, her eyes glazed, eerily smiling. But since I couldn't stop talking about my good mood and hypercharged focus, my friends stopped laughing and started asking if they could borrow it. I'm reluctant to let go of my stimulator, however. While I don't use it nightly anymore, I have strapped it on after a couple of trying days—for the kind of touch-up Fisher recommends—and I feel like it's restored my equanimity. Is it the current or a placebo effect? I have no idea, but I'm not sure I care. ●



The Laugh-Out-Loud Loudmouth Award
MICHELLE COLLINS @michcoll / 20.2K followers
The talk-show guest (*Chelsea Lately, The View*) and frequent ELLE.com contributor keeps us laughing with bawdy commentary on everything from her obsession with reality TV to her obsession with...her Roomba.



Sugar Factory
Prada Candy Kiss Trio Set, featuring fun-size minis of the original caramel-musk Candy, the zesty, sparkling L'Eau, and the garden-fresh Florale, delivers a full scent wardrobe instantly.

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Prime Time
Clinique Pop Lip Colour + Primer (shown in Poppy Pop) packs both high-pigment payoff and balm-like lip treatment, thanks to a moisturizing base of shea and murumuru butters.

Glow Stick
The brights never go out with smudgeproof, long-lasting Marc Jacobs Highliner Gel Eye Crayon (shown in Lollipop).

BRIGHT IDEAS

Summer gets color-washed with a dazzling blush, a vibrant liner, and a Popsicle-hued lipstick

By Ashley Flor

Resort Wear
Vibrant aquamarine Guerlain Summer Shadow, a silky cream that dries to a powder finish, captures the color of a tide pool on the Amalfi coast.

Color Wheel
Paying homage to Raf Simons's fall 2012 couture prints, the swirled neutrals in Dior Diorskin Nude Tan Tie Dye Edition Blush Harmony in Pink Sunrise blend to a universally flattering rose.

Jeffrey Westbrook/Studio D

I like to funk up my little black dress.

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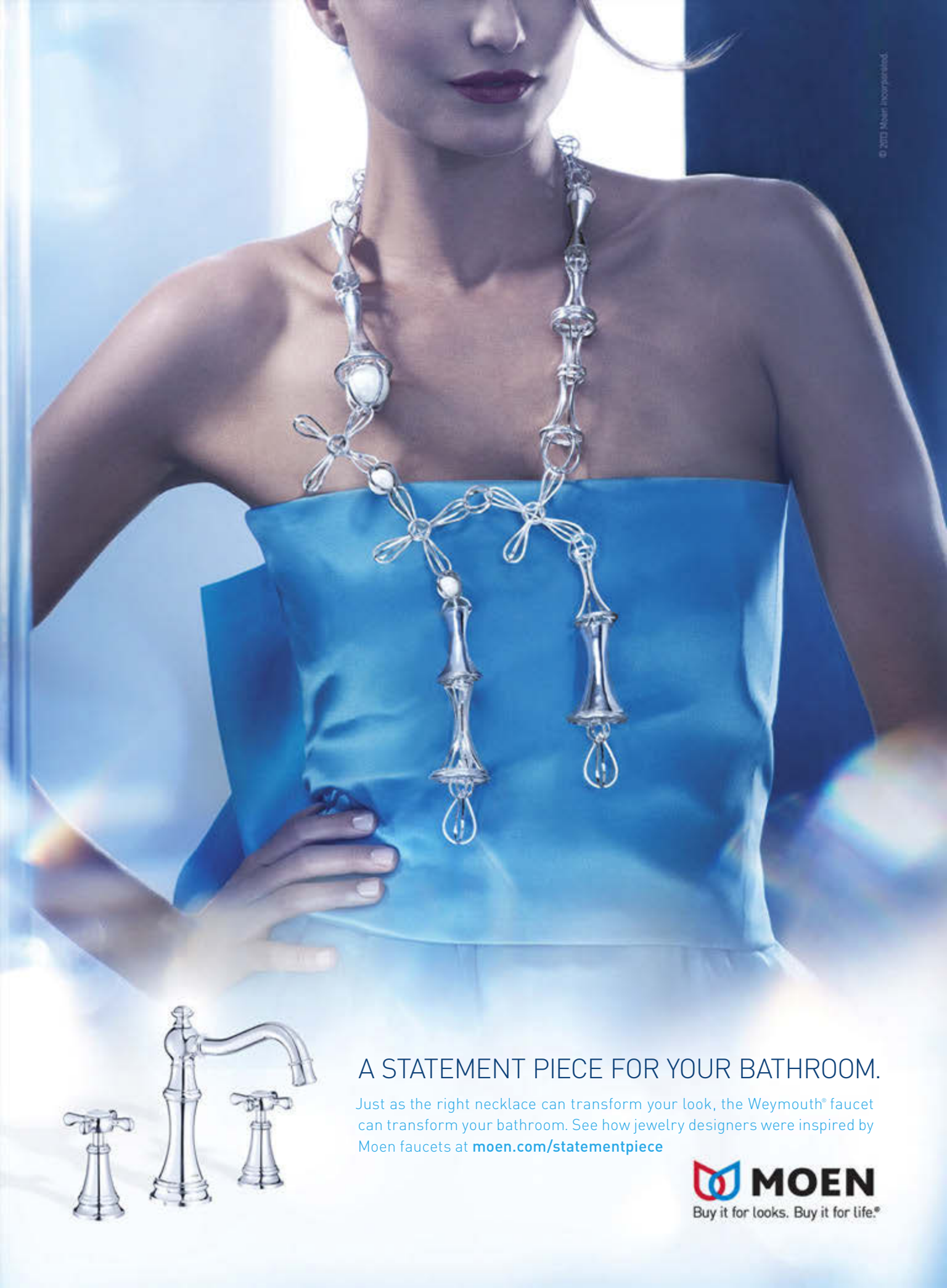
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SUMMER COOK-OUT!

GIRLS WHO GRILL

Just in time for backyard party season, meet three awesomely talented female chefs of barbecue cuisine. By Sierra Tishgart



Anna Wolf

Just because Weber and Big Green Egg still exclusively feature men in their tutorial videos, there's no reason women shouldn't barbecue. Remember Samantha in *Sex and the City* grilling on a rooftop, midriff bare, asking her neighbors, "Who wants a wiener?"

North Carolina–based Andrea Reusing, New Yorker Alex Raij, and Texas transplant Laura Sawicki are three chefs who love to 'cue. Here they

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share their stories, as well as their tried-and-true grilling recipes.



LAURA SAWICKI

Launderette; Austin, Texas

"As an Argentinian and a chef, grilling is a critical part of me," says Sawicki, the co-owner of Launderette in Austin. "And it's also central to Texan cuisine." At Launderette, a casual Mediterranean restaurant housed in a former washateria, Sawicki's wood grill is small and simple: "A modest Aztec grill, but it's the heartbeat of the restaurant." This translates into dishes like wood-grilled hanger steak with anchovy-kale butter and charred octopus with garlic aioli. Sawicki tries to incorporate smokiness in all of her food, even the desserts. After all, she is first and foremost a pastry chef. "There's a serenity that happens when you're looking into the fire and finding the hot spots of a grill," she says. "It's a bit of a beast, but it can be really calming."



Sawicki mans the grill at Launderette

ALEX RAIJ

Txikito; New York City

"My grandmother always made the fire—my grandfather wouldn't touch it," Raij recalls. "We'd start with sweetbreads, blood sausage, and intestines; cook all the way through the night; and end with steaks and short ribs." At Txikito, which means "little" in Euskara, the language of the Basque people—Raij smokes ingredients like sardines and turbot, cooks them on a flattop griddle, and then uses hickory to "give them a kiss of smokiness" at the end. "Sardines have so much natural oil that they get wicked hot and charred on the outside," she says, excitedly. "They're very healthy—a lot of omega-3s. Basques are obsessed with eating every part—even the eyeballs. It's pure and natural."

What Raij loves about grilling is the "improvising.... For me, it's intuitive and instinctive." That helps explain why she won a serious barbecue contest, the Big Green Egg BBQ Throwdown, without having cooked on the high-tech charcoal device before. "I killed it," she says confidently. And, she adds, "There are a lot of women cooking on wood, and they're doing it really well."

ANDREA REUSING

Lantern; Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Reusing opened Lantern in Chapel Hill in 2002, and she's made a name for herself (and won a James Beard Award) by combining local ingredients with Asian flavors. But it wasn't until a recent kitchen renovation that she could grill at Lantern. "I didn't have a grill in the restaurant in the past, but I recently put a separate hood system in," she says. "Usually we have a standard Weber grill under a $10,000 hood." The food she makes, though, is far from ordinary: pork-stuffed squid with lemongrass and a beef dish with basil leaves. Grilling, says Reusing, is "one of the last gendered areas of cooking. It's like changing a flat tire—men feel like they're supposed to know how to do it. And that can make for some badly grilled meals." ●



LAURA'S GRILLED HANGER STEAK WITH ANCHOVY-KALE BUTTER

¼ cup anchovies (drained and chopped)
1 cup butter, diced and at room temperature
2 cups kale leaves, stems removed
1 cup cilantro leaves
1 cup parsley leaves
1 medium shallot
1 serrano pepper
2 cloves garlic
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon lemon zest
½ teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon canola oil, plus more for grilling
2 12-ounce hanger steaks

Butter: Grate pepper, shallot, and garlic on a microplane. In saucepan over medium heat, heat ½ tablespoon oil. Add shallot, garlic, and pepper, and sweat until shallot is translucent. Remove from pan. Add kale, parsley, and cilantro to food processor, and pulse for 1 minute. Add anchovies, shallot, garlic, pepper, salt, and lemon juice and zest, and continue to process for 2 minutes. Add butter and pulse for 2 minutes. Adjust seasoning and refrigerate. Remove 30 minutes prior to serving.

Steak: Preheat grill to medium-high heat. Let steaks stand for 30 minutes, then dress with oil, salt, and pepper. Grill for 4 to 5 minutes per side for medium-rare. Let sit for 5 minutes. Spoon on butter.

Portrait, dining table, and food: Jody Horton (styled by Lauren Smith Ford; prop styling by Kate LeSueur; hair and makeup by Joe Rivero); Food52: Mark Weinberg. Sawicki wears: Cotton-blend dress, Piazza Sempione, $1,565, visit neimanmarcus.com. Gold and pavé diamond necklace, Zoë Chicco, $1,430, visit zoechicco.com. Gold and enamel ring, Alison Lou, $900, collection at net-a-porter.com. Gold-plated brass bangle, Cynthia Rybakoff, $118, visit cynthiarybakoff.com. Table runner, By George, $85. Spanish wineglasses, Wildflower, $7 each. Linen napkins, Wildflower, $20 each. Dinner plates, Spartan, $30. Serving plate, Bread & Co, $34.99. Remaining images: courtesy of the companies

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FUNNY PEOPLE

Who knew **Judd Apatow** was the Jon Stewart of comedian interviewers? In excerpts from *Sick in the Head: Conversations About Life and Comedy,* out this month from Random House, he gets hilarious—and deep—with the great Roseanne Barr and Sarah Silverman

I spent a lot of time in the late '80s with Roseanne Barr, trying to craft a stand-up act that wasn't just about raising her family and growing up poor, but about what it was like to now be rich and megafamous. It always felt odd to me, as a 22-year-old guy without a ton of life experience, to be writing jokes for an ass-kicking middle-aged woman who happened to have multiple personalities. I used to force her to sit with me and tell me her life story, so I could try to get in her head. The depth of her experience and imagination was astonishing.

This was happening at the absolute height of *Roseanne*-mania; it was the number one show on television year after year after year. Many people only remember the drama that surrounded her at the time, but I believe that *Roseanne* was one of the most influential shows ever on TV. Because it reflected the real lives of working-class people and their daily dramas. Because it managed to be riotously funny while also exploring deep truths about how people were living in America at the time—and still are today. It took an enormous amount of courage and madness to make that happen.

And I've known Sarah Silverman since she moved to California to do stand-up when she was 21 years old. Back then she was the young, hilarious girl who was from the same town in New Hampshire as my friend and roommate, Adam Sandler. That always seemed so weird to me, the idea that two brilliantly funny people could come from the same small town.

Last year I interviewed Roseanne and Sarah for this book. They both are legends who have changed the face of comedy.

On Fortune

ROSEANNE: I have horrible stage fright—you know how you go through the bipolar stage fright thing? Then you go on drugs to get over the stage fright and perform, but then you're not funny at all.

JUDD: Were you always scared when you did stand-up, to the point where you felt like you needed to be medicated?

ROSEANNE: No, it was only after *The Roseanne Show* that it felt like that. I'd go on, and I'd want to do edgy material, and the audience would be like, "Where's Dan?" [Meaning John Goodman, who played her husband on *Roseanne.*] I was like, "Where's a gun so I can blow my fucking brains out all over this stage?"

JUDD: Is that the worst part of success—that it defines who you are and what you do? If you succeed in one area, people think you should stay in that area.

ROSEANNE: They don't even know who I am. They think I'm Roseanne Conner. It's like, "You're not a writer. You're not even a comedian. You're Roseanne." And then I was like, This is freaky because I can't get another job ever. And I



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wanted to work. I see other comics going through the same shit. Once you make it, it's like, well, you're not, like, hungry or whatever. What the fuck am I supposed to talk about now? My maid? And everybody's like, "You're fucking rich," but they don't get it. They don't get that you have to fucking *do* it. It's not about if you're rich or not. Because it's what you love. You have to do it because that's the only thing you know how to do.

JUDD: And it keeps you sane, but it also creates all—

ROSEANNE: All the problems. But then it's so worth it when you're getting those laughs. It's like, This is what I do, what I love. It's the whole fucking reason I'm alive.

On Fame

SARAH: I'm so much more famous than I am financially successful. I mean, I live in a three-room apartment. I mostly make free videos on my couch. But I am fine.

JUDD: Is it because, creatively, you've done what you've wanted to do?

SARAH: I've always kept my overhead low so I could do whatever I want. I think of myself as lazy with spurts of getting a lot done. I find myself rooting against things sometimes because I get excited at the thought of a clean slate.

Being Broke

JUDD: I think about that, too. Did I have a different point of view when I was broke?

ROSEANNE: Define *broke*.

JUDD: Well, I shared an apartment with Adam Sandler, and the rent was $425 a month, and I was just trying to make enough money to eat and go to the Improv.

ROSEANNE: How old were you then?

JUDD: Twenty-two, twenty-three.

ROSEANNE: What did you guys do to make each other laugh—or were you just depressed all the time?

My Dad Made Me This Way

SARAH: My dad taught me swears when I was a toddler, and I saw, at a really early age, that if I shocked people, I would get approval, and it made my arms itch with glee. I got addicted to it. It became this source of power in a totally powerless life.

JUDD: Did your dad get a kick out of it?

SARAH: He thought it was funny to teach his three-year-old daughter swears. His dream was to be a writer—and he wrote all these books that he self-published when he retired—but he owned a store called Crazy Sophie's Factory Outlet. And he did his own commercials. I have a bunch of them—they're amazing. He has such a thick New England accent. You can't understand a thing he's saying. He's like, "When I see the prices at the mall, I just want to vomit! Hey, I'm Crazy Donald!" He was Crazy Donald, like Crazy Eddie, only in New Hampshire.

I never consciously set out to talk about taboos or anything like that. That was just what the household I grew up in was like. There wasn't a sense of, like, "Maybe let's not say that in front of the kids." It was all out there, you know, and I didn't know better. I mean, honestly, a lot of the human etiquette I learned in life I learned from, like, thank-you notes and dating Jimmy Kimmel. I have great parents, and they both taught me great things, but my formative years were boundaryless.

> "I MEAN, HONESTLY, A LOT OF THE HUMAN ETIQUETTE I LEARNED IN LIFE I LEARNED FROM, LIKE, THANK-YOU NOTES AND DATING JIMMY KIMMEL."

JUDD: But was there a core of morality to it?

SARAH: Oh yeah, definitely. We had no religion at all, but we were Jews in New Hampshire, and my sister—who is now a rabbi—said it best: We were, like, the only Jews in Bedford, New Hampshire, as well as the only Democrats, so we just kind of associated those two things together. My dad raised us to believe that paying taxes is an honor.

JUDD: How does your sister talk about Judaism?

SARAH: It's funny because sometimes I'll get cunty with her, and I'll be like, "Oh, so you believe there's a man in the sky?" And she'll go, "Well, I like to live my life as though there is one." And I'm just like, "Oh, you're beautiful."

JUDD: I wish I could convince myself to believe the way your sister believes because I'm so exhausted from not believing.

SARAH: I actually don't think that she believes in God, necessarily. I think she just loves the ritual of religion and finding meaning in every little thing. She loves living her life that way.

JUDD: She doesn't believe in a God that is actively involved in people's lives, making choices?

SARAH: She doesn't believe that God is rooting for the Giants and not the Patriots. She's not fucking ridiculous.

My Dad and Judaism Made Me This Way

JUDD: Did people in Salt Lake know you were Jewish?

ROSEANNE: They knew. Like, when I was three, I fell and I got Bell's palsy in my face. My mom said the first day she called the rabbi, and he said a prayer for me but nothing happened. The second day she called the Mormons, and they said a prayer for me and my face was healed, so my whole life was going around as a Jew who was giving talks in Mormon churches about being healed by the Mormons.

I used to play Barbies with my Mormon neighbor friend; it was always, "Oh, we're going to go on a date. Ken's taking us out, and we're going with Ken on a date." And I was like, "We're parachuting behind enemy lines to save the Jews." That's how I played Barbies. I was told when I was a girl that every Jewish woman has to have five children to replace three fifths of our people that were killed. That's how I was raised.

JUDD: Wow.

ROSEANNE: In an apartment building with survivors from concentration camps.

JUDD: Parents don't realize that when they teach you about the Holocaust too early, it ruins you for life.

ROSEANNE: It ruined me for life. I remember the exact moment well—I was, like, three, and they had the TV on, and they were of course enjoying the Eichmann trial. When they weren't talking about Eichmann, they were talking about babies on meat hooks. They used to say it in front of me, and I was like, I don't want to be on this fucking planet. This ain't for me. Fuck it. And I went in the bathroom in my grandma's house. There was this black button on the door, and I turned it. I had to stretch real hard to turn that lock. So then they were all like, "She's locked herself in the bathroom," and then it was, like, all this screaming. The only time they talked to me was to tell me that the Nazis used to shoot little girls right through the head in front of their parents. That's how they talked to me. Other than that, it was like, "Pick that up."

My dad was a big fan of comedy. He wanted to be a stand-up. He loved Lenny [Bruce]. He also loved Lord Buckley and



The Feminist Defender Award
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The New York Times reporter posts on-the-nose news articles, as well as, say, when tickets go on sale for Broadway shows.



Opening page: Apatow and Silverman in L.A. in 2009; above, from left: Apatow with Tom Arnold, Barr, Martin Mull, and Peter Segal in 1991

jazz and stuff. He was a hipster. My parents were kind of beatnik-y, you know, for Salt Lake City. But my humor, I think, came from wanting to disarm people before they hit me. My family were hitters. If you made them laugh, they didn't hit you. My dad wouldn't hit me if I got him with humor right between the eyes.

JUDD: What age were you when he would hit you?

ROSEANNE: Always.

JUDD: The thing that ruined your life makes you good at your work. And then you get rewarded at work, so you don't bother to fix it in your life.

ROSEANNE: I don't know about that. My shrink says, "Don't say you're funny because of abuse; it's in spite of." But my whole thing is, like, I've had a severe mental illness my whole life. A devastating, dissociative identity disorder—MPD, it used to be called. I had to heal from that, and that was like 15 years of intense daily therapy. I look back, and it's fucking crazy. It's nothing you can explain to people. You can't explain to people waking up in a mental institution in Dallas, Texas, with a shrink screaming in your face, "You don't have a penis!"

JUDD: Were you high school age?

ROSEANNE: No, I was in my forties. It's real deep mental illness shit, man. But I got over it. Not over it, but I live with it.

The Long Road to Making It

JUDD: So you're a housewife, and it's floating around the back of your head somewhere that it would be great to do this?

ROSEANNE: I always knew since I was three. When I was little, that was one thing that I was told in a vision: I was going to have my own show when I grew up. And it's going to be funny.

JUDD: So in your head, you knew it was going to happen, and then you're having kids. At some point, you have to make the move to do it. What was the trigger?

ROSEANNE: I was a cocktail waitress, and I got tips because I made them laugh, plus you had to have half your ass hanging out. I made them laugh, so they'd give me big tips, and this one guy said, "Hey, you're so funny, you should go down to this comedy club downtown." And I was like BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG. So I go down there and I watch all the comics. And I went home to write my five minutes of material—and then I just kept perfecting it. That took a fucking year.

JUDD: That's incredible.

ROSEANNE: It was almost a year, and then I went down there and did my five minutes. I look back on it now, and I'm like, It was pretty ballsy that I said the things I said. They immediately banned me and said, "Don't ever come back here."

JUDD: Do you remember what was in the five minutes?

ROSEANNE: I made fun of male comics. I was very political.

JUDD: Did you talk about being a housewife, also?

ROSEANNE: No, it was radical feminist politics. When I was little, my mom used to read this book, *Fascinating Womanhood*. There was a character who would tell you how to get your husband to buy you a blender and shit. And it disgusted me that my mom and her friends were like that, so that's kind of why I became a feminist. Me and my sister were eating eggs one day, and I was like, Fuck—it just came in my head—one of those things that didn't have nothing to do with me. It's like: domestic goddess. And I went, Oh fuck, that's my door. I just tailored it for a while and, you know, they let me [back] on. They liked that act. Because I finally found my voice. I went to every kind of club to work it too. I had to go to, like, the Episcopalian church and jazz clubs and punk clubs and biker bars. I remember performing on a punk stage with no mic in the middle of a mosh pit. My act was called "How to Be a Domestic Goddess."

JUDD: I used to scream at everybody at the beginning of my career. I'd get really emotional. I'd project all my issues about my parents and safety onto the executives, so every conversation where they gave a note was life or death and you don't love me. You don't get me. It took me a very—a very long time to understand that I need to find people who like what I do, who get what I do. I need to find people who I respect so I can respect them, and they'll like being respected so they'll respect me, and that's like a marriage. But early in my career, you'd get bad notes from someone who didn't appreciate what you were doing, and you would resist them. I would fight and we would always get canceled.

ROSEANNE: I'm glad to see people are taking more control of their product these days, but back then it was like, whoa, they had to humiliate and belittle people who had talent.

JUDD: That's how they controlled things.

ROSEANNE: It's a pimp mentality.

JUDD: How did you take control of your show?

ROSEANNE: I'd be standing there during the filming, crying. I got a woman manager after every fucking guy would say the same shit: "Shut up and take it, you're getting paid." So I got, like, Diane Keaton's manager, and she was very connected; she had power. And she was like, "Your star is in tears on this comedy. Do you even notice that at all?" She hooked me up with the lawyer Barry Hirsch. There was one big day on set where I was sitting on the bed, and the director and the producer were like, "Say the line as written." And I was like, "I'm not going to say the line as written," because Barry Hirsch had told me you can say, "I'd like a new line, please." It's a Guild thing. They were like, "You're not going to get it." But then their lawyers would tell them, "You can't force somebody to say a line." So Barry gave me the language to say, "I'd like a line change, please." And it ended up they made me do it for six hours, and then they came back with some legal shit on the loudspeaker with the cameras on. And then that shit gets back to the network, and they're like, "Look what a pain in the ass she is. She needs to go." So they asked all the cast if they'd do the show without me, and John Goodman said no. If he had said yes like a lot of other fucking people in show business, I would have been off there in a heartbeat. And I was like, I made it for this? All this way to have my fucking act stolen and be beaten down and disrespected?

JUDD: And then it aired and the ratings were—

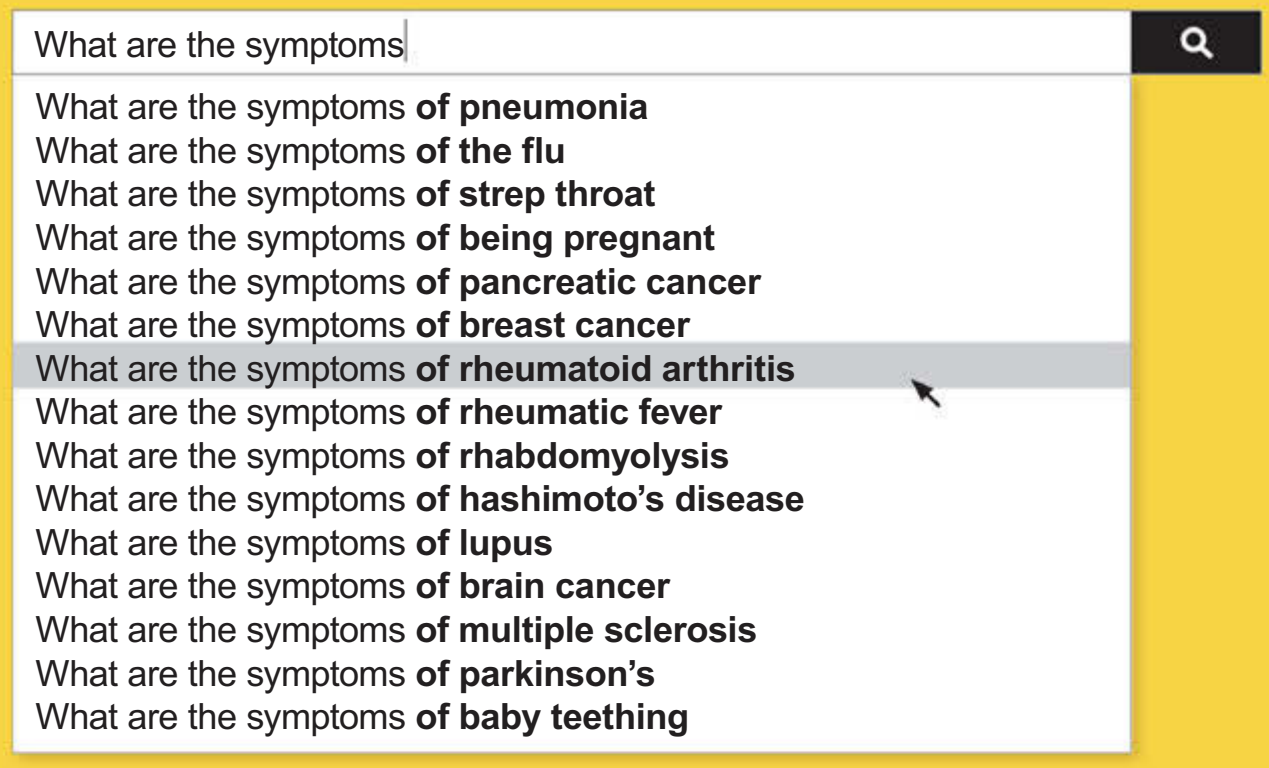
ROSEANNE: Number one.

JUDD: Then you had the moment where you're like, "Okay, now here's how we're going to do it."

ROSEANNE: It was that voice that I always have with me. I said, "Either he goes..." and they knew. So they go, "Well, he'll go, but he's not going until [episode] 13." So that was seven more [episodes]. And I'm like, Oh, how am I going to fucking make it through that? And it was tough, but that voice came in and it's like, Make a list of everybody who you're going to fire the minute

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

Courtesy of Judd Apatow; Kantor; Monica Schipper/Getty Images



THE CROWD WILL SEE YOU NOW

Can an Internet-based group of "medical detectives" help people with undiagnosed illnesses get answers, or is it just another source of false hope? Molly Langmuir investigates

Before she got sick, Carly Heyman had never failed at anything. Growing up in the Atlanta suburbs as the youngest of three, she was peppy and well adjusted, managing to skip over typical teenage angst. Her middle sibling, Scott, had fragile X syndrome, a genetic condition that causes developmental disabilities, but in keeping with the family's constitutional tendency toward positivity, no one viewed this as an insurmountable setback. Their mom created a special ed program at the local public school, and at 16, Carly published a book called *My eXtra Special Brother*, about growing up with a sibling with special needs.

So it was strange, to say the least, when she started having crying jags during the summer after graduating high school in 2003. At the University of Georgia, where she enrolled that fall, they got worse—she'd actually wake herself up crying—and she had night sweats that left her bedding soaked. At first she thought maybe she was having trouble adjusting. Maybe this happened to everyone after turning 18? But then she found herself at a gas station with no idea how she'd gotten there, or even how to operate the pump. The next day, her parents picked her up and brought her home.

That was the beginning, as Carly puts it, of the doctors. She went to a psychiatrist, who sent her to an endocrinologist, who sent her to a gynecologist, but while blood tests revealed numerous abnormalities—her estrogen was not detectable; her thyroid was off—no one could explain them. Meanwhile, she started getting migraines and gaining weight, and she became severely withdrawn. "All I could do was watch *Saved by the Bell* reruns, play Spider Solitaire, and go on runs," she says. The change in her personality was so dramatic that her parents thought she might have been raped. (She hadn't.)

For years, people in this situation—suffering from mysterious, debilitating symptoms that no MD can help alleviate—had few options: Search the Internet for clues, clicking down cybertunnels that often end up in very odd and unsubstanti-



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The IT List



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ated corners of the Web, or keep looking for new specialists. But in April of 2013, prompted by Carly's medical odyssey, her eldest brother, Jared Heyman, launched a website he hopes will become a viable third way. CrowdMed, as it's called, allows anyone, for a fee, to set up a profile on the company's website and then, in days, begin receiving suggested diagnoses from a group of "medical detectives": doctors and retired doctors, nurses, and medical students, as well as civilians who've have faced their own inscrutable ills. "Someone in the world knows the solution to every problem," Jared told me when we had lunch in San Francisco, where CrowdMed is based, last spring. "We just have to connect them."

Having struggled myself to find a diagnosis for various symptoms I've had for years, it was hard not to be a little cynical about his gung-ho optimism, until I heard the second half of Carly's story.

ON AVERAGE, IT TAKES THOSE WITH RARE CONDITIONS MORE THAN SEVEN YEARS AND EIGHT DIFFERENT DOCTORS TO FIND A DIAGNOSIS, IF EVER.

In 2006, she got a call from the head of the National Institutes of Health's reproductive medicine group, who'd heard about her then three-year-long plight through the fragile X community grapevine. He was researching a rare disorder that affected some women, like her, who were so-called silent carriers of fragile X, meaning they have chromosomal "premutations" that can cause the disease in future generations. He invited her to come visit him. In the world of the inexplicably sick, the NIH is sometimes referred to as the National Institutes of Hope—its Undiagnosed Diseases Program accepts only two patients at a time, who are studied intensively—and shortly after arriving at the Bethesda, Maryland, campus, Carly had a name for what was wrong with her: fragile X–associated primary ovarian insufficiency. Essentially what had happened, she learned, was that she'd gone through menopause in three years. Treatment involved just a small hormonal patch, which rapidly took effect. A couple of weeks later, her mom called Jared. "She's back," his mom told him. "I think we have her back."

Many people never get so lucky. The NIH estimates that up to 10 percent of people in the United States have a rare disease (the rubric is that it must affect fewer than 200,000 Americans), the severity of which can range from mild to incapacitating. Collectively, that's about 30 million people—more than those with diabetes—but the experience can be profoundly isolating, which I know because of the unexplained ailments I've dealt with: joint pain, tingling in my extremities, twitching muscles.

I've long since given up on the idea that there's likely to be a panacea for people like me, but after my lunch with Jared, I signed up for CrowdMed. The website prompted me to describe my symptoms in detail, as well as upload lab work (with my name blacked out). Less than three hours later, I received my first response. "I am sorry that you have been feeling this way," wrote jen5180. She asked me a number of specific questions before finishing up: "Im not a dr but ive been through this myself and Ive learned quite a bit." Already, jen5180 had expressed more concern and curiosity about my case than many of the doctors I'd seen.

An achievement-oriented fast talker with a slightly restless vibe, Jared was 16 when he decided he wanted to be an entrepreneur, and 20 in 1998 when he founded his first company, Infosurv, a market research firm. Over the next 12 years, during Carly's illness and beyond, he built it into a $2.1 million business. Then in 2010, at 32, he took off to travel; he climbed Machu Picchu, caught piranhas in the Amazon, and rode a boat down the Mekong River in Vietnam. (A year in, *Inc.* magazine put him on its cover under the headline, "Inside the Mind of a Runaway CEO.")

He also found himself frequently considering how much trauma could have been avoided if Carly had been diagnosed more quickly. Having become familiar at Infosurv with the uncanny way groups can be smarter than individual experts, he began to wonder if the "wisdom of crowds"—a term popularized by *New Yorker* financial columnist James Surowiecki in his 2004 book—could help people find medical answers. Jared's trip lasted two years, and by the end, he knew what he wanted to do next: CrowdMed.

There is actually a fair amount of science behind what might seem like a counterintuitive notion: that groupthink can be extremely intelligent. One classic example took place in 1906, when 800 people entered a raffle to guess the weight of an ox. While many individual estimates were way off, the mean was 1,197 pounds, just one pound from the correct weight. The premise is that the average of a large-enough number of guesses will settle somewhere close to the truth. But for this to work, certain conditions need to be in place. The group has to be diverse, have no central leader, and be composed of individuals independent of one another—and with a subject as technical as medicine, the crowd members must at least be familiar with the language of the field (unnecessary for the ox because we all have some sense of weight). There also needs to be a mechanism to aggregate the data.

In the fall of 2012, Jared moved to San Francisco, invested $80,000 of his own money, and began developing CrowdMed. He based his site on a prediction model, which—similar to a betting system or a virtual stock market—incorporates a blend of risks and incentives. "Detectives" are allotted points to bet on different diagnoses based on both their track records and, to some extent, credentials. Once a patient closes her account, an algorithm takes into account the bets and comes up with a probability for all suggested diseases. The theory is that bad guesses won't end up with many points, whereas the best will rise to the top.

Anyone using CrowdMed is routinely reminded that the detectives' suggestions are not definitive diagnoses, but not surprisingly, bioethicists and doctors have a number of concerns—and not only about privacy, liability, and the potential for the site to feed on the dollars and the hopes of the sick. "When do you know if you have the right crowd, and that the crowd can give you the right answer?" says Raina Merchant, MD, an assistant professor in the department of emergency medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, where she's part of a group studying crowdsourcing in health care. "More brains on something is great," adds Katia Moritz, a psychologist working on *Undiagnosed*, a documentary that fol-

For a 2010 study, researchers evaluated the first hundred search results for five common pediatric questions. Of the 500 sites, 39 percent contained correct information, 11 percent were wrong, and 49 percent failed to answer the question.

lows six people with unexplained maladies. "But undiagnosed patients are very desperate for answers. Everyone I know of has been diagnosed with chronic Lyme."

Robert Klitzman, MD, the director of Columbia University's Bioethics program, points out another possible flaw, which is that medical students, whom CrowdMed has worked hard to recruit, are notorious for suggesting unlikely diagnoses. Physicians often say that if you hear hooves, think horses, not zebras, by which they mean that the simplest answer is probably the right one. But med students, because they're cramming their heads with books full of rare diseases yet have little clinical experience, are always thinking zebras. (One could also argue that patients who make it to CrowdMed are more likely to be afflicted with a zebra, since they've already fallen through the cracks of the medical system.)

aims to upend the single largest industry in our country, health care. While Jared has raised a substantial $2.4 million in seed funding to test the concept's viability—including a financial shot from Dr. McDreamy himself, actor Patrick Dempsey from *Grey's Anatomy*—for now it's just him and his two cofounders, web developer Axel Setyanto and graphic designer Jessica Greenwalt, working out of a sparsely appointed loft office.

Setyanto, a computer whiz, dropped out of the University of Texas at Austin at 20 to join CrowdMed, but Greenwalt, the owner of her own graphic-design firm, took more convincing. During their first encounter, she and Jared got into a heated debate about the value of crowdsourcing, and it didn't help when Jared pulled out his card to show her what was then the CrowdMed logo—a bunch of red dots—which had itself been crowdsourced. "So it's a med-tech company, right?" Greenwalt tells me, laughing. "With a logo that looked like it was a disease."

for a diagnosis has already lasted eight years and cost more than $60,000. (For those with health coverage, their provider has likely shouldered much of that, which is why Jared envisions that eventually CrowdMed's revenue will largely come from hospitals, self-insured employers, and insurance companies.)

Not everyone has found it helpful. I talked to one woman who hoped the site might help diagnose the digestive and breathing issues her seven-year-old daughter has had since birth. She told me she'd already taken her to dozens of the best doctors in the country, and the site's detectives didn't offer any ideas that hadn't already been advanced and rejected. But then there was Beverly Perry, 51, who suffered for seven years from a mysterious ailment that, among other things, caused her stomach to distend to such an extent that, in one picture she sent me, she looked nine months pregnant. In 2014, after exploratory surgery, as well as a hysterectomy, she told me she stumbled on CrowdMed, and one of the detectives suggested porphyria, a rare genetic disorder that disrupts hemoglobin function, causing toxic levels of certain enzymes to build up in the body. A doctor soon confirmed this diagnosis. Treatment, which involves injections of artificial hemoglobin that Beverly describes as looking like motor oil, doesn't resolve the disease, which remains fairly disabling, but she still feels incredibly grateful to CrowdMed. "Now I have an answer, and I'm not out there being told it's nothing," she says. "Not knowing, and not being believed, can be more debilitating than the disease itself."

EVENTUALLY, 20 "DETECTIVES" FOCUSED ON MY CASE, AND EACH SEEMED TO START WITH THE ASSUMPTION THAT I WASN'T MAKING THINGS UP OR EXAGGERATING.

"It's irrational to think that a bunch of random Joes can be better than a Nobel-winning medical doctor at Stanford," says Patrick Chung, a former partner at New Enterprise Associates, a venture capital firm considered among the most powerful in the world, who immediately offered Jared funding after hearing his story. "But it makes sense if you peel back the layers." What he means by this is that there are more than 10,000 identified illnesses, according to the World Health Organization, with some occurring only once in every 50,000 people. On average, it takes those with rare conditions more than seven years and eight doctors (four primary-care practitioners, four specialists) to receive a diagnosis, if ever, according to a 2013 report jointly released by the pharmaceutical company Shire and the patient advocacy organization Global Genes. "Ninety percent of people have common diseases," says Cynthia Tifft, MD, deputy clinical director at the NIH. "The rare patients require much more effort. Our health-care system is not set up for, and does not reimburse, physicians for taking the time to research these cases."

Successful start-ups tend to have wildly ambitious, inspiring goals, and by this metric, CrowdMed is formidable: It

Her conversion came when Jared, who was in the midst of running a few validation cases, ran hers. Greenwalt has Hashimoto's, an autoimmune disease that attacks the thyroid. The condition isn't that unusual, yet it still took four months, numerous specialists, and a few neck biopsies (doctors thought she might have cancer) before Greenwalt was diagnosed, which only happened after her boyfriend's mother, a nurse, suggested she try an endocrinologist. The crowd solved her case within two weeks, and soon after, she came on board. (Because women are so rare in the start-up world, guys at parties often assume she's a caterer.)

Currently, CrowdMed has more than 100 active cases and has resolved almost 1,000, according to Heyman, with 70 percent of participants reporting in a survey that they got insights that brought them closer to a diagnosis, and 50 percent reporting that their diagnosis was confirmed by a doctor. The price to post your case ranges from $99 to $249 a month; for the costlier packages, CrowdMed sets aside a small monetary reward for the detectives who work the case. (Patients can increase the reward, with some offering upwards of $1,000.) If those rates sound high, it's worth noting that CrowdMed enrollees say on average that their quest

I haven't yet closed my case, but in the meantime, I've found it's become nearly impossible to keep from obsessing over my health. I've worried about diseases I'd never even heard of before, like mast cell activation syndrome, which causes the body to produce too many histamines and can lead to musculoskeletal pain and gastrointestinal problems along with low blood pressure (which I have) and flushing (in high school, my cheeks were so red one guy became convinced I had a crush on him, since every time I saw him it seemed like I was blushing). It also occurs

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157

Sklar: Michael Loccisano/Getty Images



The High-Functioning Media Addict Award
RACHEL SKLAR @rachelsklar / 52.9K followers
When the lawyer/CNN contributor isn't fighting for female visibility in media, she observes: "It's fine to have a Cadbury Egg at 7:20am if you've been up since 5am."



ASK E. JEAN

Tormented? Driven witless? Whipsawed by confusion?

CLASS CONSCIOUS

DEAR E. JEAN: *I'm a physician–ethnic, well traveled, and the daughter of Berkeley intellectuals. Unlike a lot of the pretentious NYC types I've dated in the past, my new boyfriend is a little bit hillbilly, with a goofy sense of humor, a simple vocabulary, and even simpler tastes. He's Midwestern, has great values, an excellent career in finance, and I've jumped on board with the country music and the football. But our last fight happened because I was incredulous over his love of wrestling on WWE. I absolutely panicked! I can't imagine the father of my children watching WrestleMania.*

I know this is snobbery. He's good to me, and I wish I could be a simpler girl who doesn't love obscure references and librarian glasses–it would have made my life a lot easier in high school! What should I do?

–Not Into the SmackDown

DOCTOR, DOCTOR! Bah! What woman *doesn't* feel superior to a man? But you're in New York. This is the Big Time. You make a mistake with a sweet chap in *this* town, girl, and you forfeit your right to chase men and are remanded to California.

Anyway, you're wrong about wrestling. Your Auntie Eeee once spent a mythic summer-long odyssey following a small-town troupe of professional wrestlers, and I defy the faculty of Berkeley–hell, I defy the whole of the East Bay–to produce such violent, intellectual combat, such heroic rewrites, such Shakespearean dialogue, such Freudian costumes, such Kafkaesque plots, such Homeric sulks in dressing rooms, and such broken kneecaps in audiences. Wrestling is the Louvre for dudes.

Put *on* those librarian glasses, Doctor! Look at what you've got here: a fine, goofy, high-earning chap, an absolute flower of manhood who would be, in all likelihood–oh, lovely chance!–a wonderful husband and father. If I seem a little short-tempered, it's because I lost one half of the morning answering e-mails from women clinging to chumps who are no good for them and the other half answering women dumping chaps who *are* good for them. I don't need to tell you which category *you* fall into, do I?

PHD-OLOGICAL WARFARE

DEAR E. JEAN: *A new coworker with a PhD has recently appeared in our office, and the boss favors everything she does and every word she says. In meetings, he (the boss) bows to the PhD's opinion. He always agrees with her perspective on projects and trashes our efforts, especially mine. He's obviously starstruck, but the PhD makes things worse by emphasizing my errors in meetings. I don't know what to do. I used to love this job!*

–Becoming a Grudge Holder

GOOD GOLLY, MISS GRUDGE: Buck up! You've *got* this. Choose one:

The Susan B. Anthony Throw your support behind the PhD, help execute her strategy in the coming months, and when she replaces the Milquetoast boss (which she will, with your help–*soon*), you'll rise with her.

The Emma Woodhouse Become the boss's and PhD's go-between, whip up enthusiasm for their vision among the troops, and make yourself indispensable to both.

The Catherine the Great Capture the $800,000-a-month account that everyone in town's been pursuing, neutralize the PhD, castrate the Milquetoast, and take over leadership of the division yourself.

The Zayn Malik Interview at outside firms, receive many attractive offers, and go in a spanking-new direction.

Good luck! Let us know what happens.

TOO MUCH SCREEN TIME

DEAR E. JEAN: *After ending a six-year affair with a married man (I'm surprised I'm still alive after the biggest crash of my life), I started meeting people online. One guy, the most gorgeous Frenchman ever (my age–36–and single) showed me a lot of attention. He said he'd "found the woman of his dreams." I was in heaven!*

Finally, we moved to Skype and saw each other on camera. I was dressed up for our first meeting, and it took me several minutes to understand what was happening, but I realized that as we talked, he was touching and playing with himself in front of me–clearly excited.

We're adults, but this was a little disturbing! All this fire at seeing me for the first time? But since he's so handsome, sensitive, genuine, and smart and owns his own company, I began thinking maybe it was me, and I was just being prudish. But he then abruptly turned off his camera and I haven't heard from him since. I'm so sad. He liked me so much! I could tell by his eyes. I have a great job. I even texted him and

Gregg Delman (styled by Christian Stroble; hair by Eduardo Carrasco at Ford Artists NYC; makeup by Sylwia Rakowska at Ford Artists NYC); DEA Picture Library/DeAgostini/Getty Images; Mock: Ilya S. Savenok/Getty Images



The Change Agent Award

JANET MOCK @janetmock / 68.7K followers

Transgender journalist Mock furthers the gender-identity conversation with productive engagement with followers, be they friend or foe.

invited him to visit me in Key West, all expenses paid. Should I ask him why he stopped talking to me? I'm totally into this guy! What did I do wrong? He's a prince!

–Perfect French Connection

PERFECT, MY PIMM'S CUP: We all understand how it happened. You were half-dead from a complicated breakup—sad, vulnerable, defenseless, looking for love—and by gawd if technology didn't send you a handsome stranger who "owns his own company."

The puzzling part is that the man masturbated in front of you, brought the call to a heart-stopping climax, then disappeared...and you want to see him again. Darling, I don't want to cause you more hurt, but if you can't recognize that it's not a loving gesture when a chap gallops his antelope during the first minute of a meet and greet, you are *not* ready to see chaps on dating sites.

I'm also very worried that you invited him to visit and offered to pay his expenses. If you lavish your precious, good-natured kindness upon a man who treated you so terribly, what would you do if he actually arrived on your doorstep? Give him your house? Your savings?

My luv, I want you to see a counselor who will help you put this "prince" into perspective. Smart women become smart by stumbling, getting up, learning from their suffering, and being better than they used to be.

PS: In six months, when you're strong and serious and ready to start meeting men again and you run across a chap you like, send me his profile. I'll check him out. If he passes muster, I'll permit him to court you.

BELLY IS PHAT

DEAR E. JEAN: *I'm a moderately pretty woman. Out of ten, I'd put myself at about a six. Or a six and a half.* Objectively*: I'm satisfied with my body, eat well, exercise faithfully (if not intensely), and I'm happy with my weight.* Subjectively*: When I look in the mirror, all I see is my belly. It makes me feel really unattractive! Worse, it's starting to affect my sex life. I've been happily married for eight years to a man who's intelligent, funny, and nerdy in all the right ways. But two kids–one by Cesarean–have taken their toll, and who has time to work on abs one hour a day?*

I can't diet the belly out of existence because it makes me headachy and miserable. How do I handle this? I bought a little black dress that hugs my curves, and my husband said, "It makes your ass look great*!" But all I could think about was that my belly stuck out.*

–Fair to Middling

MIDDLING, MY MARIGOLD: Take a moment to soak up the sublime beauty of the *Venus of Urbino.* Are you soaking? Good. As in almost every work (mark you, Mrs. Middling: almost *every* work) of art created between 40,000 B.C. and 1900 that depicts a naked woman, we see a damsel with a magnificent, erotic belly.

When I first saw Titian's lady, tears sprang into my eyes. Not because she



was so beautiful, but because her stomach looked like my stomach. I was like a blind woman who'd suddenly been given sight. So. Yep. For 400 centuries bellies were the fashion. Now *abs* are the fashion. But let's not bore each other complaining. You want your tummy flat because—why? Because you're running after some impossible level of perfection that happens to be in style? Fie! Fie!

I want you to get up now. I want you get up off the floor! I want you to cease the sit-ups and go to your closet. Open it and yell: "A round belly is beautiful!" Take out a short jacket. Put it on. Leave it unbuttoned. See? We're not at a total loss, are we, Mrs. Middling? (I'm saying "we" because, as I mentioned above, when viewed from the side I look like I'm wearing a Prius strapped to my hips. But as long as I have a short jacket hiding the pot, I look svelte. A woman, after all, must concede *something* to fashion.)

Indeed, the short jacket—the best ones are nipped slightly at the waist and hit somewhere between the waist and the hipbone—is what costume directors give pregnant actresses to wear on TV shows and films when the pregnancy is not in the story line and the actress can't always be shot in extreme close-up or sitting at a desk. The nipped jacket conceals pretty much all! Hooray!

PS: If you want 100 percent cast-iron proof that a sweet, round belly is sexy, Mark Twain called the *Venus of Urbino* the "obscenest picture the world possesses" and opined that it was a "trifle too strong for any place but a public art gallery."

BANKRUPT BRIDESMAIDS

DEAR E. JEAN: *I'm a bridesmaid. I recently had to tell the bride I could not attend her bachelorette party at a foreign destination* and *her wedding (also–you guessed it–at a foreign destination). Even her shower is not local. She picked the place for her party and expects her bridesmaids to cover her portion of the trip. The plane tickets to these events alone are spreading* all *of us bridesmaids very thin–but I'm the only one who had the courage to tell the bride that, though I would chip in for her flight, I personally couldn't afford to fly halfway around the world for her bachelorette shindig.*

She did not hide her disdain! She asked if I wanted to be relieved of my bridesmaid's duties. Shocked, I replied I'd never *miss her wedding! We haven't spoken since. I don't want to ruin her big day; should I step down, or go through with it?*

–Unhappy Bridesmaid

DEAREST BRIDESMAID: Let ELLE readers around the world pause and honor you. Let Hymen, the god of marriage, give you his blessing, and may you and your band of bridesmaids, as you hover near bankruptcy trying to fly yourselves and the bride's ego to the Strzelecki Desert in Australia (or wherever the *hell* she's demanding), find the chutzpah to tell the young lady that you love her, but plans have changed and the bachelorette party is now being held in your backyard.

Bridesmaid! Brace yourself! One beautiful shitstorm is approaching. There will be howls. There will be shrieks. When she doesn't get her three—Three! Lord!—trips to celebrate the happiest day of her life, bridal teeth will gnash so badly she'll have to be fitted with a set of dentures just to walk down the aisle. Hold your ground. Keep smiling and repeating: "The bachelorette party will look better on Instagram this way. Destination parties are so *totally* out right now."

Anyway, the time a woman really needs to fly "halfway around the world" is 10 years after she's married and needs a break. ●

Ask a question! E-mail E.Jean@AskEJean.com or follow her at Twitter.com/ejeancarroll. Read past columns at ELLE.com/AskEJean.

Dermatologist Recommended for Scars and Stretch Marks*



"I had a bad fall and ended up with a large cut along my shin bone. I like to wear skirts and dresses so I was worried about having a scar in such a noticeable place. Just as the wound was healing, I read an article in a magazine in which a celebrity swore by Bio-Oil. I was skeptical, but I thought it was worth a try. I faithfully followed the directions for using Bio-Oil, and my scar is now less noticeable. I feel confident wearing skirts and dresses again, and I have Bio-Oil to thank!" Gwen Streeter

Bio-Oil® is a specialist moisturizing oil formulated to help improve the appearance of scars, stretch marks and uneven skin tone. Its unique formulation, which contains the breakthrough ingredient PurCellin Oil™, also helps improve the appearance of aging and dehydrated skin. For additional product information, please visit bio-oilusa.com. Bio-Oil® is available at drugstores and leading retailers at the recommended selling price of $11.99 (2 fl. oz.). Individual results will vary.

*GfK Recommendation Study 12/2014



TRUE GRIT

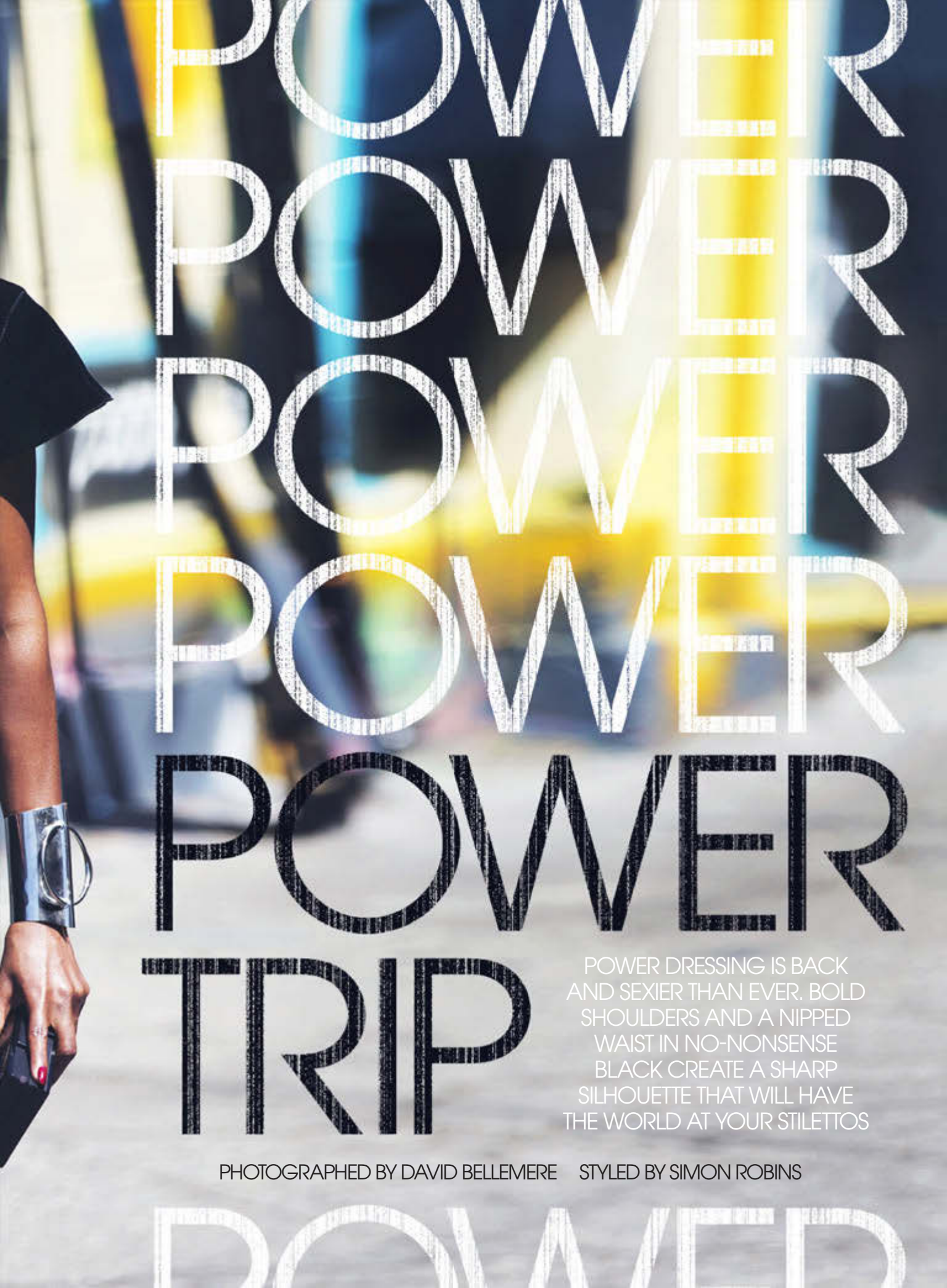
Sure, given her obvious attributes, Amber Heard has no trouble commanding attention. But there's an authenticity beyond the actress's surface value that stands out in the crowd of highly styled celebs who seem ever more conscious of their "brand." The magnetic Mrs. Depp's personal style (a Victoriana–meets–Carly Simon mix of floppy hats, maxidresses, and oversize outerwear) rivals that of her husband, Hollywood's perennial pirate, but the result is less eccentric, more free-spirited throwback. Shane Gabier and Christopher Peters of Creatures of the Wind—and wouldn't that be an apt title for Heard herself?—have also found a way to keep their natural quirkiness intact, endearing themselves to fashion's cool kids (and earning industry accolades) with a just-odd-enough aesthetic that proves a woman's allure can take many forms. As we demonstrate in these pages, whether you favor the prim look of crisp white cotton or sexier curve-hugging black—or perhaps you choose both, depending on the day—what matters most is that you go your own way.

Denim shirt, DENIM & SUPPLY RALPH LAUREN, *$165, visit denimandsupply.com. Pink topaz, diamond, and rose gold necklace,* JAMES DE GIVENCHY FOR TAFFIN, *price on request. Her own earring. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Liz Collins



Velvet blazer, EMPORIO ARMANI, *$695, at Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide. Latex skirt,* ATSUKO KUDO, *$189. Rhodium-plated brass and pavé crystal earring,* FALLON, *$250 (for pair). Silver ring,* PILAR OLAVERRI, *$290. Silver-plated brass cuff,* ALEXIS BITTAR, *price on request. Plexiglas clutch,* RAUWOLF, *$990. On him: Printed-cotton polo,* GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *$825, at Givenchy, NYC. Jeans,* ACNE STUDIOS, *$200. Stainless steel watch,* AUDEMARS PIGUET, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



POWER TRIP

POWER DRESSING IS BACK AND SEXIER THAN EVER. BOLD SHOULDERS AND A NIPPED WAIST IN NO-NONSENSE BLACK CREATE A SHARP SILHOUETTE THAT WILL HAVE THE WORLD AT YOUR STILETTOS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BELLEMERE STYLED BY SIMON ROBINS



Silk jumpsuit, VERSACE, *$3,875, at select Versace boutiques nationwide. Blackened white gold and diamond studs,* EVA FEHREN, *price on request. Silver-plated brass ring,* ALYSSA NORTON, *$80. White gold ring,* BULGARI, *$2,050. On him: Cotton tank,* CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR, *$40 (for set of three), visit calvinklein.com. Jeans,* ACNE STUDIOS, *$200.*



Beauty Secret: Long stiletto nails require a strong, classic shade, such as ESSIE *Aperitif.*

Lambskin and fur jacket, price on request, velvet skirt, $2,500, both, BALMAIN, *collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Sunglasses,* DOLCE & GABBANA, *$250. Gold and hematite-plated brass ring,* URIBE, *$225. Leather belt,* JIMMY CHOO, *$325. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Leather top, price on request, skirt, $1,195, both, ALEXANDER WANG, *visit alexanderwang.com. Vermeil and pavé stone ear cuff,* GENEVIEVE JONES, *$375. Silver-plated brass and crystal earring,* VITA FEDE, *$260 (for pair). Metal clutch,* STELLA McCARTNEY, *price on request. Leather and mesh pumps,* BRIAN ATWOOD, *$795.*



Patent lambskin coat, DIOR, *price on request, at Dior boutiques nationwide. Blackened-gold and diamond earrings,* MELISSA KAYE, *$1,320. Leather belt,* RAINA BELTS, *$195. Rhodium-plated brass ring,* FALLON, *$150. Brass clutch,* LEE SAVAGE, *$2,750. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Textured jacket, price on request, wool and velvet vest, $2,490, both, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, *at Givenchy, NYC. Latex skirt,* ATSUKO KUDO, *$189. White gold and diamond earring,* ESTABLISHED JEWELRY, *price on request. Palladium-finish metal ring,* DIOR, *price on request. Silver ring,* PILAR OLAVERRI, *$290. Silver ring,* ARME DE L'AMOUR, *$310. Silver and white sapphire ring, $242, silver ring, $253, both,* JENNIFER ZEUNER JEWELRY. *Crocodile clutch,* BOTTEGA VENETA, *price on request. Leather sandals,* JIMMY CHOO, *$995.*



Beauty Secret: An on-the-go foundation for all skin tones, LANCÔME*'s new Miracle Cushion packs a dewy, liquid formula into a portable compact.*

Wool dress, DOLCE & GABBANA, *$2,295, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. Silver-plated brass choker,* ALEXIS BITTAR, *price on request. Velvet and metal-detail belt,* ALEXANDER WANG, *price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Wool tweed jacket, $3,600, silk crepe top, $1,800, silk bow tie, $220, all, CHANEL, *at Chanel boutiques nationwide. Patent lambskin skirt,* TAMARA MELLON, *$995. White gold earring,* ESTABLISHED JEWELRY, *$398 (for pair). Silver-plated brass ring,* JENNIFER FISHER, *$285. Silver ring,* PILAR OLAVERRI, *$290. Patent leather sandals,* GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, *$1,050. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Charles McNair at Jed Root for L'Oréal Professional; makeup by Natasha Severino for Chanel Beauté; manicure by Marisa Carmichael for Formula X for Sephora; casting by Sisi Chonco for Zan Casting; model: Ysaunny Brito at The Society Management; male model: Sean Lyles at Click LA; production by Andrea Cahigal for Portfolio One Inc.; fashion assistants: Ahmad Francois, Walter Garcia. Special thanks to graffiti artist TRAV.



THE WILD ONE

How much do you really know about Amber Heard, actress and Johnny Depp slayer? Writer **Jessica Pressler** discovers she's far more complicated—and even more fun— than the tabloids let on

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIZ COLLINS STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR



Tulle dress, VALENTINO, *price on request, at Valentino boutiques nationwide. Her own earrings (worn throughout). For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Printed silk dress, GUCCI, *$4,900, at select Gucci stores nationwide. Gold and diamond pendant necklace,* VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, *$5,450. Enamel, diamond, and silver-plated gold rings, both,* FRED LEIGHTON, *prices on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Amber Heard is pawing through the record bin at Other Music in NoHo, green eyes narrowed in concentration, shuffling through the stack until—aha!—she finds what she is looking for. "Blind Willie McTell!" she says, holding up the record. "That's my *favorite.* If you *really* want to go into blues," she instructs, "you go to the Blinds: Blind Willie McTell. Blind Boy Fuller. Blind Snooks Eaglin. Blind Joe Hill. Blind Willie Johnson. They are *all* blind. I'm not kidding. There's a million of them." Heard catches her Texas accent peeking through and covers her mouth. "It happens when I get excited," she whispers.

Then she's off, swishing in her white palazzo pants down the aisles, the stack of records under her skinny arm growing as she flips diligently through the racks of '50s country and '60s soul. But it's the blues that really gets her going. "Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters. Ohh, Nina Simone," she says, rhapsodically clutching a record to her chest. "'The Other Woman.' That song will break your heart." Registering what she has said, she pauses abruptly, then heads to the cash register to pay.

Afterward, Heard steps into the sunshine with a bagful of vinyl to add to her collection; she actually travels with a record player, she says. Heard's voice is worldly accented, with each syllable carefully enunciated, and she keeps up an animated patter as we walk down the busy SoHo street, telling me about how vinyl sounds so much better than digital, and how books are better than e-readers. In fact, she has a rare-book collection—"I just love the smell!" she says, throwing her head back so theatrically, it's like she's auditioning for a remake of *When Harry Met Sally.* A few times, people turn their heads to look at her, but it's unclear if they know her as her or just think she's a pretty girl. No one stops to say, for instance, "I loved you as the hot undead girl in *Zombieland*," or "You were so good as The Girl in that Mel Gibson/Harrison Ford/Nicolas Cage movie." The only indication that anyone has really recognized her is the paparazzi photos of Heard that come out the next day.

Which is sort of fitting, considering the role actress Amber Heard is best known for is herself. Or some version of herself: The 29-year-old bisexual siren who—allegedly—so bewitched 52-year-old Johnny Depp, her costar in 2011's *The Rum Diary*, that he eventually broke up his 14-year relationship with Vanessa Paradis, the mother of his two children. This past February, the couple married in a ceremony on his private island, where Depp bestowed upon her gifts including, as one entertainment outlet reported, a pair of "his and hers" Shetland ponies.

"That's the first I'm hearing of that," Heard says, disappointingly, of the Shetland ponies. "I mean, who wants those?" she says bemusedly. "I'm sure they are adorable, but...."

They probably take a lot of upkeep, she points out, and truth be told, Heard doesn't really seem like the kind of person who would spend all day brushing them. In the tabloid photos of her on the red carpet, Heard appears a flawless, red-lipped, voluptuous vixen with dewy skin and a haughty stare: the quintessential Other Woman.

In real life, Heard gives off the vibe of a very, very good-looking cousin of Charlie Brown's friend Linus, digging around in her $2,700 purse for her wallet, which she can't find. Her hair is all over the place, and she is wearing, along with the aforementioned palazzo pants, an old T-shirt belonging to her stepson and an old sweater from Zara, which flutters like a sail behind her as she glides down the street. Between living in Los Angeles, shooting a movie in Europe, and traveling to Australia, where Depp is filming the umpteenth *Pirates of the Caribbean*, Heard barely knows what time zone she's in, she says on the way to the restaurant she has chosen, a Ukrainian place that she endorses with the same full-throated enthusiasm she gives blind bluesmen and rare books. "It's one of those bits of New York that remind me of real New York," she says. "And I love to say, unless I'm near a check-cashing place or a mattress store, I don't feel like I am in a real place."

Inside she scrutinizes the menu ("Why would you put arugula and goat cheese in pierogies?" she wonders aloud. "It seems like a conflict of interest") before deciding on plain meat pierogies and a black coffee.

If all of this—the blues, the verbiage, the messiness—seems a little bit strenuously real, well, that might be because Amber Heard wants, very badly, to be seen as a real person. She is tired, she tells me, of being put in "a Barbie box" just because she is blond and attractive, of playing The Girl—both in her career and in real life. "I feel like I'm constantly fighting against my exterior," she says, "or this exterior presentation of myself because of how I look or perhaps because of who I am with."

Heard looks anxiously into her coffee, like she's expecting me to break out a tiny violin and can't bear to see it. It *was* her Aphrodite looks that got her, via modeling, from her Texas hometown to Los Angeles, and her looks did enable her to land a variety of The Girl roles, which established her as enough of a presence in Hollywood to be cast in big projects like *The Rum Diary* and the short-lived NBC series *The Playboy Club.* This is a path she could have stayed on. Instead, Heard is making a dedicated push to show the world she is capable of being more than just The Girl. At the moment, she's in New York for the premiere of two small indies at the Tribeca Film Festival, *When I Live My Life Over Again*, in which she plays a struggling singer-songwriter, and *The Adderall Diaries*, costarring James Franco. And this is just the beginning. This month, Heard holds her own (literally!) against Channing Tatum's pectoral muscles as the female lead in the sure-to-be blockbuster *Magic Mike XXL.* She's just wrapped a starring role in *London Fields*, an adaptation of the Martin Amis novel, and a supporting part in *The Danish Girl*, the story of one of the first recipients of sexual reassignment surgery, played by Eddie Redmayne. "One of the greatest actors of my generation," she says, blowing on her coffee. Heard would like to see herself in that category one day, and to that end, she is working hard, putting in five to seven hours of ballet a day for her role as a dancer in the film.

James Franco, her costar in *The Adderall Diaries*, barely recognizes her from the squeaky-voiced blond who played Seth Rogen's teenage girlfriend in 2008's *Pineapple Express.* "She's almost like a different person," he says. "She's taking control of her career and making interesting choices in a much more involved, artistic way." He adds, "She is so beautiful that my guess is that she faces a lot of prejudice."

Even Franco, who knows about Pretty People Problems, sounds a little bit eye-roll-y about Heard's insistence on wearing "a huge shaggy brown wig" for her role as the *New York Times* journalist who befriends Franco's drug-addled writer in the movie. "She's still gorgeous," he points out. But she does make a case that suggests her efforts are not just for her own personal gain. "I'm trying to find scripts that are compelling and complex," she says. "That have the power to, not change—that sounds really grand—but that have the power to impact someone."

Like most women in Hollywood, Heard is depressed by the dearth of layered female roles out there. "I get a stack of scripts, like, once a month, and most of the time, you find these placeholder girls that are there to provide a bounce for the male character," she says. "So we know he's funny because she's serious and she's mad at him. We know he's strong be-



Braided devore dress, ALTUZARRA, *price on request, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide. Enamel, diamond, and silver-plated gold rings, both,* FRED LEIGHTON, *prices on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*





Silk and viscose dress, CÉLINE, *price on request, at Céline, NYC. Enamel, diamond, and silver-plated gold rings, diamond and silver-plated gold ring, all,* FRED LEIGHTON, *prices on request. Her own rings.*



Metallic jacquard dress, CHLOÉ, *price on request, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

cause she needs saving. So really her job is to validate this personality trait of our hero or male. I mean," she says, stabbing into a pierogi, "we're trying to imitate life, and it seems to me a deeply saddening *injustice* that we are so uncreative and uninterested in developing representations of female *life*."

The waiter comes by to refill her coffee, and Heard gets momentarily embarrassed about her "pseudo-feminist rant." But the point is made. This is probably not a woman you would give a bow-wrapped Shetland pony to.

Heard folds her long arms on the table and looks me in the eye. "If I get an imaginary Shetland pony," she says, "I'd expect it to have some motherfucking braids on it."

If Heard succeeds in breaking out of the Barbie box, it wouldn't be the first time she has drastically changed her circumstances through sheer force of will. Growing up in a suburb of Austin, Texas, Heard had what her mother called an "adventurer spirit." Her parents have never lived outside of Texas. "They thought they were raising, you know, this, like, sweet Texan Christian girl, who was going to stay with the family just as everyone else does in Texas," Heard says. "But I always wanted to *go* and *do*, and I wanted to get out of Texas."

Like all teenagers, Heard didn't feel like she fit in. "I was poor and skinny and weird," she says. Even then, it sounds like her looks sometimes eclipsed the rest of her: "Some kids called her 'Amber seen and not Heard,' " a classmate told Britain's *Daily Mail*. But she used the pretty to get a modeling agent, which she saw as an exit strategy. Shuttling back and forth on the bus to Austin for small-time gigs like catalogues and dentistry commercials, Heard would pass an art-house movie theater that, one day, she decided to check out. Hours later, she emerged to a blinking set of text messages from her parents. The theater staff "weren't really that diligent about manning this cinema in the matinee hour," she says. "So I would just sneak in. Two dollars to see several movies!"

New Zealand director Niki Caro's film *Whale Rider*, about a preteen Maori girl fighting sexism in her tribe, changed her life. "It was so foreign and alien to me in Texas," she says. "At the same time, I deeply emotionally related with this character confronted with the aggravations and irritations and social-sexual aspects of her tribe, who was so similar to me as a young person. I left the theater like, you know, just a bit tingly."

Her modeling agent lent her money to take an acting class, and she paid him back by answering the phones and cleaning the office. "So I always would make these small investments to be able to do something that would give me a little bit more currency to travel," she says.

Just before her seventeenth birthday, Heard's best friend died in a car accident. The experience affected Heard deeply. Talking about it now, she chokes up. "As a kid, you think you live forever, you think you're invincible, and that is immediately confronted when you lose someone close to you," she says. Not long after, Heard declared to her Christian parents that she was an atheist, and that she wasn't going to waste any more of her time in Texas. Within a year, she had dropped out of school and moved to New York to model full time. "It did cement in me a growing sensation and awareness that I was going to explore," she says. "I was going to do something other than what everyone else told me I should do. I think it was a reminder that today is what you have. Really."

As it turned out though, Heard hated modeling. "Hated it," she said. Being a mannequin was not for her. She just wanted to go and do. She stuck with it for a while in order to travel—to Miami, to Europe—but soon she was back in Austin, where her commercial agent told her about an audition for a movie, *Friday Night Lights*, which she booked. Looking back, the part doesn't seem like a terribly auspicious start: Seventeen-year-old Heard mostly rolls around topless in white, fringed cowboy boots. But the part got her a Hollywood agent, who, a year later when Heard moved to Los Angeles, helped her get a tiny part as a young Charlize Theron in *North Country*, a movie about a landmark sexual-harassment case that happened to be directed by *Whale Rider*'s Niki Caro. "It was an ironic, serendipitous gift," Heard says.

Ironic, perhaps, because she wouldn't see another script like that for a long time. Broke and carless in the biggest driving city on the planet, Heard spent her days riding around on the bus to auditions with a massive bag her friends still tease her about. "It was sad," she says. "It had this pink halter top in it for those roles and a cardigan and a button-up for a different kind of role, and I would change in the bathroom."

The pink halter top came out of the bag a lot more often. Heard was cast as a shopgirl in *The O.C.*, as the title character in horror flick *All the Boys Love Mandy Lane*, as a young actress called Amber in an episode of *Californication*.

"Come see me?" she asks David Duchovny's director character in the episode. "I have some thoughts on the role."

"I've got some thoughts, too," says his companion, as they watch her swish away in a low-cut backless top. "Some thoughts that are making it just a little bit crowded in my pants."

It's an exchange that might well have been happening behind Heard's back in real life, too. As she gained her footing in the business, she tried to make the characters she was cast more interesting, "to imbue them with something other," she says.

Looking back, she feels she was pretty naive. "You talk to a director, and you're like, 'What about if we make her weird? What if we make her nuanced? What if she's smart? What if she's funny? Hey, how about I say this; hey, I wrote this line!' And you think you're being taken seriously, because you're speaking to another human being, and you're both attempting to create something, and they're like, 'Yeah, yeah, that's cool! We'll make her weird, don't worry; you won't be the whatever.' Then there's a million other eyes, a million other hands get involved, and marketing is like, 'Can you wear this dress?...' " Heard trails off.

The most egregious instance of this, in her eyes, was probably *The Playboy Club*. The original script promised something *Mad Men*–esque, a social drama set at the famous Chicago lounge that explored the issues of the day through a group of powerful female characters. "I mean, I read a *feminist* story," she says. "It was a woman's story. And then it became a male-driven crime show behind our backs, and by the second episode, what we all assumed wouldn't matter—which is the cleavage, because we're all far more nuanced and complex than that, and it's pedantic to assume that the audience only see that—that's all that's being presented to the audience."

Heard shrugs. She doesn't really blame anyone for what happened. "It's not malicious," she says. "The studio has to sell it and get what they think an audience wants to see. By the second episode, you get your script and you're like, 'Okay, this is weird,' and by the third episode, you're like, 'I'm seeing a pattern here.' It was a bummer. You can work so hard to bring in all sorts of levels of nuance and personality and depth and complexity, and it doesn't matter; if it's not protected by a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157



Faux fur coat, DRIES VAN NOTEN, *$1,465, collection at Julianne, Port Washington, NY. Vintage denim shorts,* THE CASTINGS FOR ARITZIA, *$95. Enamel, diamond, and silver-plated gold rings, both,* FRED LEIGHTON, *prices on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Teddy Charles; makeup by Lisa Houghton at Tim Howard Management for Dior; manicure by Gina Edwards at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis; prop styling by Viki Rutsch at Exposure NY; production by Wei-Li Wang at Brachfeld NY; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons



RAY OF LIGHT

WHITE COTTON LACE AND EYELET PROVIDE SWEET RELIEF FROM SUMMER HEAT—AND, WITH A BIT OF ARTFUL LAYERING, CAN EASE INTO FALL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CEDRIC BUCHET
STYLED BY SABINA SCHREDER



Left: Mohair cardigan, MICHAEL KORS, *$1,095, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide. Silk gown,* BLUMARINE, *$3,430. Gold locket, $1,625, chain, $225, both,* TIFFANY & CO. *Above: Eyelet guipure poncho, $2,995, shorts, $2,250, both,* CHLOÉ, *collection at neimanmarcus.com. Straw hat,* EUGENIA KIM, *$315. For details, see Shopping Guide.*



Above: Fur poncho, price on request, embroidered bloomers, $995, both, DOLCE & GABBANA, *at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. Straw hat,* EUGENIA KIM, *$315. Right: Organdy blouse,* CHANEL, *price on request, at Chanel boutiques nationwide. Cotton voile skirt,* ALBERTA FERRETTI, *$2,056. Straw hat,* EUGENIA KIM, *$390. For details, see Shopping Guide.*





Beauty Secret: Desert island product NARS The Multiple in Orgasm works triple duty as an eye, lip, and cheek tint.



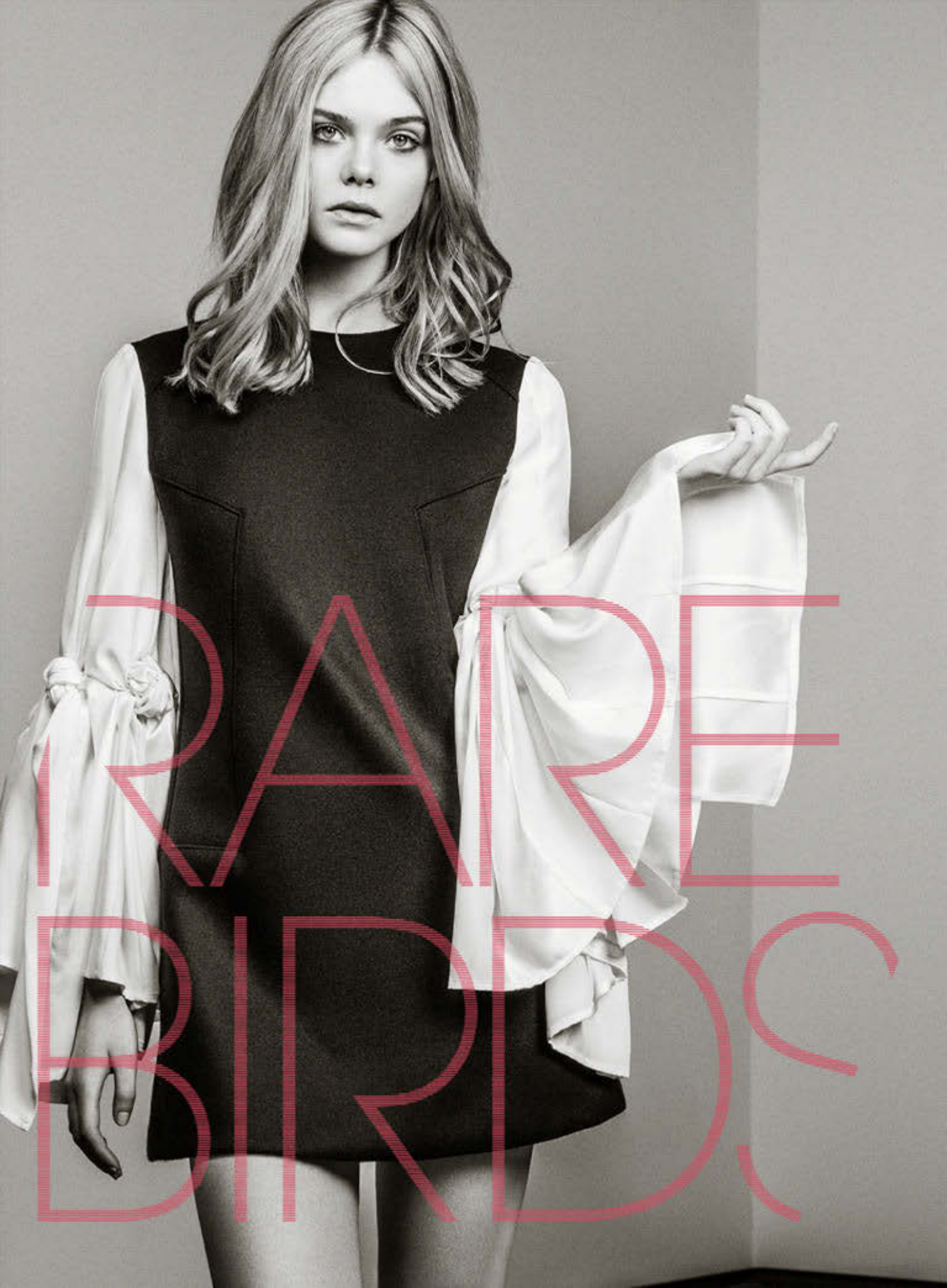
Left: Shearling jacket, CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION, *price on request, at Calvin Klein Collection, NYC. Oversize blouse,* BLUMARINE, *$455. Straw hat,* EUGENIA KIM, *$390. Above: Embroidered poplin dress,* DIOR, *price on request, to special order, call 800-929-DIOR. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

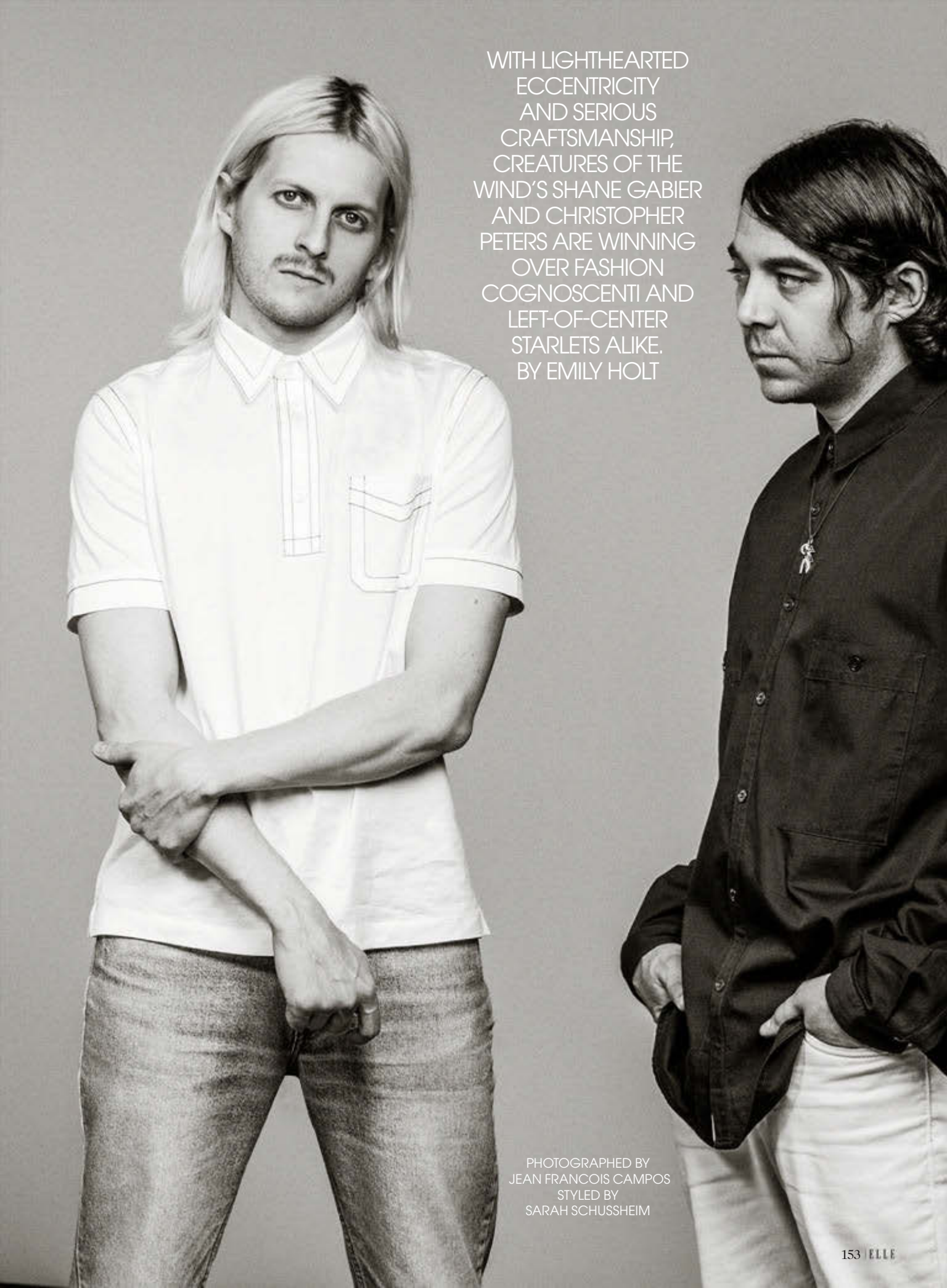


Above: Embroidered cotton gown, VALENTINO, *price on request, at Valentino boutiques nationwide. Mohair cardigan,* MICHAEL KORS, *$1,095. Straw hat,* EUGENIA KIM, *$315. Right: Linen jacket,* LOEWE, *$2,850, at Loewe, NYC. Cotton panty,* AMERICAN APPAREL, *$10. For details, see Shopping Guide.*

Hair by Cecilia Romero for René Furterer at The Wall Group; makeup by Frank B. at The Wall Group; prop styling by Brian Porter; casting by Stefanie Koenig for Zan Casting; model: Madison Headrick at The Society Management; production by James Kelly; stylist assistants: Janelle Olsen and Julia Elrich




RARE
BIRDS



WITH LIGHTHEARTED ECCENTRICITY AND SERIOUS CRAFTSMANSHIP, CREATURES OF THE WIND'S SHANE GABIER AND CHRISTOPHER PETERS ARE WINNING OVER FASHION COGNOSCENTI AND LEFT-OF-CENTER STARLETS ALIKE. BY EMILY HOLT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JEAN FRANCOIS CAMPOS
STYLED BY
SARAH SCHUSSHEIM

"Chris, put your hand over it like it's fire," says photographer Jean Francois Campos, directing Creatures of the Wind cofounder Christopher Peters, who is currently crouching in the desertscape outside the David Kordansky Gallery in Los Angeles, gazing very narrowly at a spiky plant. Meanwhile, Peters's partner in work and life, Shane Gabier, is standing nearby, his eyes deliberately focused somewhere to the left of actress Elle Fanning, who's wearing a dreamy peach confection from Creatures' fall 2015 collection. The mood on set feels serious, and the composition of the scene is otherworldly. It's all very consistent with Gabier and Peters's position as two of the more cerebral designers among the new generation of American talent. But it doesn't tell the whole story.

Gabier and Peters laugh a lot—including at themselves, too often a rarity in fashion—and they delight in the absurd. They're as likely to take inspiration from an obscure exhibit on American experimental artist Eugene Von Bruenchenhein as they are the Main Street Electrical Parade at Disneyland. Peters comes off as the wackier of the two, while Gabier is more subdued, often playfully censoring Peters's stream of consciousness. "Can we please strike 'airy-fairy, hippie-dippie' from the record?" Gabier says at one point after Peters offhandedly describes their early aesthetic. And it's that combination of serious and playful that's led to their success. In seven years, Gabier, 41, and Peters, 31, have gone from sewing clothes in a Chicago basement to overseeing a 12-person design studio in New York, winning the 2014 Swarovski Award for Womenswear from the Council of Fashion Designers of America, being short-listed for the prestigious LVMH prize that same year, dressing independent spirits like Lena Dunham and Tavi Gevinson, and generally endearing themselves to fashion cool kids everywhere. "There's a very easy element to their clothes, but it's always something that makes you look twice, like 'What is that?'" says Fanning, who last year chose a printed crop top and high-waisted skirt from Creatures of the Wind's spring 2015 collection for the October premiere of her film *Young Ones*. "I like their clothes because I want to look sophisticated, but not like everyone else."

Beautiful strangeness is a Creatures hallmark. Among their early looks were a fall 2011 black velvet dress with bright orange latex extruding through lace and, for fall 2012, an oversize pink-and-black-striped mohair sweater with the phrase "We are around the void" spelled out in crystals on the sleeves. For fall 2013, they asked artist Aline Cautis to hand-paint graffiti swirls on T-shirts made of vinyl inspired by retro car interiors. The biggest hit among buyers from their current fall collection—inspired by psychedelia from the '20s, '60s, and '70s—has been a Mod-ish minidress that has extralong, billowing sleeves with giant knots in the middle. "No one wants a plain sweater from us," says Peters. "It doesn't matter how affordable we could make it. We could be handing them out at the bus stop."

For many young designers, the road to solvency is paved with accessibly priced crowd-pleasers...like a plain sweater. But Gabier and Peters aren't much for the beaten path. Gabier, who grew up in northern Michigan, studied architecture at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) before shifting focus to fashion. After graduation in 2000, he worked in Antwerp for designer Dirk Schönberger (now the creative director of Adidas's Originals and Style divisions), then returned to Chicago to teach fashion design at his alma mater. Peters was raised in rural New Jersey and pursued a career in marine biology, then corrected course to enroll at SAIC in 2005. That's where the couple met—and almost immediately after they started dating, they began making clothes together. "I don't remember us having a really defined plan at that moment," Gabier says. "It was just us working on things."

Ikram Goldman, owner of the Chicago boutique Ikram and an early style adviser to First Lady Michelle Obama, was a supporter, offering Gabier and Peters both encouragement and a critical eye. "She's been one of the biggest guiding voices behind all of the decisions we've made," Peters says. Then in 2010, Barneys expressed interest in Creatures' offbeat, artisanal, and imaginative creations. That's when, Peters says, "everything kind of went from us hanging out in our basement eating ice cream—"

"Don't diminish it," Gabier interrupts.

"No, I'm not diminishing it," Peters continues, "but there was a difference between this idyllic time when we were just forming the ideas of what we wanted the collection to be and then when it actually became a real business."

Over the last few seasons, Gabier and Peters's approach to their label—now available in more than 30 stores worldwide—has taken on a sense of discipline and refinement. Sure, the signature unconventional color palette and jolie laide aesthetic remain intact, but fall 2015's dusty pink jacquard coat, with its slight bustle at the hip and, if you look closer, pristine construction, exhibits greater attention to tailoring and luxury.

The guys also have a shrewd, almost obsessive approach to serious materials, unearthing rare textiles from all over the world. Gabier especially delights in finding just the right cotton from Japan or couture silk from France. "We do a lot of research on the fabrics," he says. "There's something intensely satisfying about putting different materials together." Thus a short-sleeve tunic from pre-fall 2015 was rendered in a one-of-a-kind silk jacquard woven with so many different colors that only one factory—a men's necktie mill in London—has the capability to produce it. And a full skirt from the fall collection that is twisted up in sections appears to have a simple gingham print, but upon closer inspection reveals an intricate floral pattern. "Part of what we've been thinking about lately is what makes a simple silhouette special," Peters says. "Obviously it's about fit, but I think fabric is also one of the really important parts of it."

It's also what keeps their eccentric creations from veering too far off into fantasyland. On the runway, an ankle-length, turquoise-and-black Prince of Wales–check cape with fringed seams, styled with a black-and-white shirt buttoned to the neck, black pants, and stark white spazzolato boots, is striking and severe. But broken up—the cape with jeans, the shirt and pants with a heel—the look becomes more universally appealing. "We never want the clothing to be alienating or fashiony for the sake of itself," Gabier says. "We always want it to be really special but not super-precious or impractical. Our goal is to make clothing that anyone can wear at any point of the day. Some of it can be quite challenging, but still the goal is to wear it."

Practical considerations aside, few among Gabier and Peters's industry peers can lay claim to such a wonderfully left-of-center vision. "There's never been an intention of trying to make clothes that are purposefully obtuse," Gabier says. "It's just the intersection of what Chris is and what I am." So let other designers chase the quirky trend—these two are just being themselves. "We think we're being normal," says Peters. "That's the scary part, and I guess it's the good part, too." ●



Elle Fanning, on opening page, wears: Cotton and silk dress, CREATURES OF THE WIND, *$2,400, collection at Ikram, Chicago. Designers in their own clothes. Fanning, left, wears: Silk dress, $4,900, suede and python sandals, $1,400, all,* CREATURES OF THE WIND, *collection at Ikram, Chicago*

Hair by Jenda Alcorn at Ramirez Tran Salon; makeup by Erin Ayanian Monroe for Dior at Cloutier Remix; manicure by Stephanie Stone for Chanel Le Vernis at Nailing Hollywood; special thank-you to the David Kordansky Gallery, Los Angeles

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Battleship (directed by Peter Berg). Only here's the thing: They missed in both directions, critically and commercially. *John Carter*, about an ex-Confederate soldier on planet Mars, was an out-and-out fiasco. Disney would incur a $200 million loss on the movie, and according to the trades, it cost the head of Walt Disney Studios his job. If *John Carter* isn't as bad as its reputation suggests, it isn't very good, either. And even though its not-very-goodness has little to do with Kitsch, who performed ably in the title role, much of the blame fell on him. Not that he tried to duck it. "*John Carter* was a really great experience," he tells me—which, of course, is another way of saying, "No regrets," Riggins's code and mantra, and, incidentally, Kitsch's sign-off on personal e-mails. It looked, at least for a moment, as if he'd flamed out before he'd even become a star.

If Kitsch didn't let the hype fluster him, though, he wouldn't let the trashing either. He just kept his head down and did what he always did: worked. ("If there's such a thing as overprep," he says of his nose-to-the-grindstone ethic.) In the last few years, he's chosen lower-profile projects, often ensemble, most notably *Lone Survivor* (also directed by Berg), a tough-minded, no-frills war picture, for which he packed on 40 pounds of muscle to play real-life Navy SEAL Michael Murphy; and *The Normal Heart* (directed by Ryan Murphy), an Emmy Award–winning HBO movie about the AIDS epidemic. In it, Kitsch played the closeted president of the Gay Men's Health Crisis, a risky role and even riskier hairdo—"so good," says Kitsch, smiling at the memory of his bob, extravagantly blond and blow-dried—for a not-totally-established young sex symbol. These parts allowed him to develop his talent, to stretch his range. To regain his footing, too, if not quite his momentum. *True Detective*, the HBO neo-noir in which Kitsch is a lead in the new season, along with Rachel McAdams, Vince Vaughn, and Colin Farrell—a show that's ensemble but the opposite of low profile, the first season like a William Faulkner parable of good and evil rewritten as a pot-boiler by Jim Thompson, and so beautifully shot it made rural Louisiana look like a dreamscape (or nightmarescape)—should give him forward propulsion, not to mention a second chance at stardom.

It's impossible to move forward with *True Detective* and second chances, though, without first going back to *FNL*. According to Kitsch, "80 percent" of his lines were improvised, a number that sounds high, though it would account for the natural rhythms of his dialogue and the show's all-around feeling of authenticity. Berg is, apparently, the unicorn of creative impresarios: a non–control freak. He casts actors he trusts, then lets them rip. He *really* lets Kitsch rip. Kyle Chandler, *FNL*'s Coach Taylor, says Kitsch was "the most extreme" when it came to off-the-cuff riffing. It may be difficult for Kitsch to find another director who understands him so well. Because it's easy to see Kitsch's obvious assets—emotional stoicism, masculine assurance, strong-jawed handsomeness—since they're, you know, obvious. Berg, though, also brought out the less obvious ones: the sly sense of humor, the battered nobility, the resignation and fatalism, the sexual sensitivity that shades into sexual ambiguity. (There was little homosexuality in *FNL*, but plenty of homoeroticism. Even the camera—an inanimate object!—was in love with Kitsch; it lavished attention on him, infatuated close-up after infatuated close-up.) And it's the less obvious ones that make Kitsch special and keep him from being just another leading man, interchangeable with other leading men. That was the real sin of a movie like *John Carter*: It underused Kitsch, and as a result, he didn't make the impact he should have made.

With *True Detective*'s Nic Pizzolatto, though, Kitsch may well have rung cherries again in the show-creator department. Getting cast wasn't easy. Says Kitsch, "There's a line of actors waiting to work with Pizzo" (meaning Pizzolatto; Kitsch is big on nicknames).

HBO is being extremely mum's-the-word with regard to the new eight-episode season, premiering June 21. All I know is what I could eke out of Kitsch: that he plays troubled cop Paul Woodrugh, a character who's been a challenge for him. "I didn't know *True* was going to be near as emotional. This season—fuck. I could feel Paul seeping into me. I'd be doing something or acting a certain way and think, Oh, this isn't me." And here's how Pizzolatto responded when asked why he chose Kitsch: "Woodrugh is very internalized and required a performer capable of conveying difficult and contradictory emotions within an outwardly stoic facade. Kitsch is believably tough and resourceful and hard while remaining vulnerable, sensitive, and empathetic. It's that mixture of hardness and softness and native authenticity that really captivated me."

True Detective didn't make stars of its first-season leads, Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson, because they were already stars. The show merely added luster. (You could even argue that the leads made stars of the series, so big were their names, so powerful their performances.) *True Detective* could be the project to make a star of Kitsch, though. But here's the catch: Does Kitsch want to be one? He isn't a showboat or a show-off, that's for sure. Says Lolita Davidovich, who plays his mother on *True Detective*, "He's so unaffected, so natural, so modest." And if he doesn't quite shun the limelight, he certainly keeps out of its way, setting up house in Austin, Texas, the un-L.A., a city where it's possible to maintain both normalcy and privacy. When I half-marvel, half-bitch at the scant amount of dirt Google has on him, he laughs and says, "It's great, isn't it?" Still, the job does a number on his personal life. Says Kitsch, who's currently single, "You sacrifice so fuckin' much [as an actor]. How do you build a relationship with a gal and then tell her, 'Hey, I gotta do press all over the world. I expect you to have the same feelings you have now in eight weeks.' And that's not me playing the violin. It's my choice. But it better be worth sacrificing for." Which, for Kitsch, it clearly is, because without taking himself seriously, he takes his work very, very seriously.

The waiters around us have started bustling. They're setting up tables for the dinner trade, I realize with shock when I look up at the sky and see that it's dimming into dusk. Kitsch and I have been talking for almost three hours. As I signal for the check, he leans forward to retrieve his cell (he'd been showing me nature pictures from a trip to Iceland—"Ten days on my own, rented a little car"). And when he does, I notice something: In his hair, close-cropped for *True Detective*, a white patch, dime-size, above his right ear. An imperfection that only calls attention to how perfect he is. How unknowable, too, because in spite of the warmth and openness of his personality, the low-key easy-goingness of his demeanor, he remains fundamentally mysterious, not quite graspable.

We start to walk out of the restaurant together, and then suddenly I stop and tell him to go ahead, that I have a call to make. It's not true. But I think it's best if I don't watch him straddle that motorcycle and roar up Vine to Hollywood Boulevard or down to Sunset. Too many fantasies would be converging. And a person, after all, can only take so much. ●

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you're at [episode] 14. I hung it on my door. I still have it.

I said, "These people will not be here next year," and it was big, so whoever walked by would see it. And they were all gone the next year, including the network president.

JUDD: If you watch the arcs of so many comedians, at some point, they just become themselves.

ROSEANNE: That's exactly it.

JUDD: And something amazing happens. Like everyone's looking for their angle, looking for their angle, and then they just—they become powerful.

ROSEANNE: You synthesize it all. You integrate it. I don't want to be ordinary. I'm willing to do the work. I'm willing to suffer the indignities of comedy because I want to be great. I don't want to just be good. I want to be great.

Sometimes the Long Road Is Odyssean

JUDD: Seinfeld said he sits and writes for two hours every single day.

SARAH: Seinfeld and Chris Rock, they're just that incredible combination of funny and not lazy, which is very rare and special and completely failure-proof. I remember before I did my HBO special, Chris screamed at me—in a loving way, but still. He was like, "You need to do 200 shows in a row and a month straight on the road before you even think about recording a special!" And I had literally booked two weeks on the road and then went right into the recording. It put me in a panic, but it also made me work harder and made me realize that everyone works differently, and that's okay. I definitely learned to embrace the quiet moments onstage from Garry Shandling—relaxing and not fighting with the crowd, not raising your voice, not ever trying to win them over. I remember the very first time Louis [C.K.] saw me. I was just starting, and I had this affectation where I would pull the mic away from my mouth. And he was like, "You shouldn't do that. It looks weird, and it's a bad habit to get into." And so I stopped.

JUDD: What is it like, at this point in your career, to look back on what all these people you came up with have accomplished?

SARAH: You know, everyone's got their own velocity, and there's no real time frame with comedy. Louis has been brilliant for 30 years, but it has been so exciting to see, these past five years, the world getting Louis fever. On the flip side—so many times I will find myself talking to someone, "No, no, you don't understand—he was the king," and people only see a guy as washed up, with no place to live, who can't get his shit together. It's so frustrating. Like I said about Seinfeld and Chris Rock, they're a great combination of brilliance and hard work. [But] there are people who are brilliant and don't work hard, and there are people who are brilliant and sabotage themselves. Every once in a while, you forget there's nothing you can do about it, so you scramble, trying to get something going for them, and then you come to the realization that they'll never let it happen.

JUDD: And you end up with survivor's guilt.

SARAH: It's awful. Even the cruise ships don't want them anymore.

Comedy is like alcoholism. You're surrounded by people who are getting high all day, fucking around, and just being comics—and time passes, you know?

JUDD: None of us have any other skill to fall back on.

SARAH: Yeah, exactly. ●

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in only one in 150,000 people—a zebra if there ever was one. I could easily see how CrowdMed might lead someone to get tests she didn't need. (I actually tried to make an appointment with the sole doctor in New York City who specializes in mast cell activation syndrome, but she wasn't taking new patients.)

Eventually, 20 people focused on my case, and each of them seemed to start from the assumption that I wasn't imagining things or exaggerating and, moreover, gave the impression of being genuinely invested in my feeling better. (While anonymity is required, detectives can post information about themselves; at least three of mine were doctors, another a medical student, and one a registered nurse.)

I had a few doctor appointments around this time—I hadn't gotten my period for three months, despite not having lost weight or been under any acute stress—and I noticed that the "crowd's" solicitousness and curiosity prompted me to feel more responsible for my own health. It started to seem strange not to do some research before visiting a doctor, not out of anxiety, but because I wanted to be more actively involved in my own care. "When doctors complain about patients coming in with a list from Google, I say, 'Why not recognize that these patients are motivated and interested?' " says Jason Maude, a former investment banker who left finance to build the sophisticated online diagnostic tool Isabel, which gives people who input their symptoms a list of potential diagnoses (a misdiagnosed bacterial infection almost killed Maude's daughter). He believes that we're in the midst of a sea change to a collaborative model of health care. "Doctors have to get off their pedestals, and patients have to get off their knees," he says.

Within reason. After seeing a gynecologist, who said my body wasn't producing enough estrogen and had no further insight into my missed periods, I sought out an endocrinologist—inspired, in fact, by a few messages I received on CrowdMed. He discovered that I have a goiter, which is a swelling of the thyroid gland, and can be a sign of the disease Greenwalt has, Hashimoto's. As I was leaving, though, I asked him about a rare connective tissue disorder, Ehlers-Danlos syndrome, which another detective had floated. "You literally have mentioned no symptoms that would indicate that," he said.

While reporting this piece, I vacillated between viewing CrowdMed as a dire indictment of our medical system—things are so bad we've had to turn to a bunch of strangers who may or may not have had medical training—and a heartening sign of progress, a surprisingly effective way of putting the "care" back into health care.

A few of the detectives offered the best of both worlds, however. Take Greg Denari, MD, a retired family physician and adjunct medical professor at Stanford, who estimates that he spends around 20 hours on complicated CrowdMed cases. He's enabled certain people to resolve issues they've had for years, he says, but other times he simply ends up helping someone navigate the medical system or come to terms with the inevitable limitations of the body and the ability of intervention to fix it. He became a detective, he says, because he missed medicine, and has remained one because he finds it gratifying. After all, many doctors, he reminds me, get into medicine because they want to help. He works on his cases most nights, when he'd otherwise be watching TV. ●

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director, I have to lay down my mallet and say, like, 'Okay.' "

The whole time we have been talking, Heard's marriage to Johnny Depp has barely come up. It's just been sitting there, the proverbial elephant in the room—a big spangled, painted, jewelry-wearing Indian wedding elephant—while I wrestle with my feelings about asking about it.

On the one hand: Obviously, a woman should not be defined by who she is married to. I mean, it's 2015! Hillary Clinton is running for president. Wait, that may be a bad example. On the other hand: A small-town Texas girl marrying one of the biggest and wealthiest movie stars in the world is indisputably interesting, even if ponies aren't involved. She's told me a few things, like that he moved out of his *Edward Scissorhands*–like castle, and they share a place of their own in Los Angeles, and that she has imported her sister Whitney from Texas and a couple of friends, and they all live really nearby—like, on the property—and have dinners together and stuff like that. "Like you have a compound?" I ask, trying to get my head around it. Yeah, like that. Her ring is vintage and cool but not insane. They did get married on an island. "Because he owns an island, right?" Right. I still have so many unanswered questions, like the logistics alone: What did he say the first time he called her? "Hi, this is Johnny Depp." Or did he text? Does Johnny Depp text? Does she call him Johnny Depp? Like, "Johnny Depp and I chose sheets today." Or does she just call him Johnny? No, she says, which just raises more questions.

I try to play it cool, but I'm pretty sure it comes out: *Tell me everything about your bananas life.* "We have a fairly normal, um," she says, politely, but also clearly hating this topic. "I guess, we do our best. He has his life, and I have mine, and our challenge is to be able to find time to be together."

But, okay, I press. It must be kind of crazy, if you're a girl who is used to neighborhoods with check-cashing places, to suddenly be living in a compound with a man who—I just have to repeat this again—*owns an island.* "Nothing is a dramatic change," she says, unconvincingly. "We've been together for a long time now, so it's been a fairly organic process. I have a fiercely independent spirit. I have my own everything."

But—now I'm on a roll—this is a man who, a costar in one of his movies once told me, is so incandescently famous that if he goes to a restaurant, they pretty much clear the place and sometimes block off the streets outside. "What if you two just go to Starbucks or something?" I wonder.

Heard snorts with laughter. "He would have *no* interest in that."

Which I actually find to be a very satisfying piece of information.

"The thing that really scares me is the potential of losing my freedom," she says suddenly. "I never want for my life to lose the ability to transverse the world, with freedom and ease." She repeats, with feeling: "The freedom and ease I have worked so *hard* to acquire for myself."

She knows any information she gives, even to quell my innocent curiosity, will inevitably be plucked out and processed into a universe of blog posts. "I'm already probably pregnant and divorced," she says. "It's been a month, so clearly there's some trouble. Clearly I'm pregnant, or clearly it's great and we're buying ponies."

In fact, all of those things are in the atmosphere as she speaks, although the slinky silk slip dress she'll wear on the red carpet later tonight will put to bed the pregnancy rumors, and her trip to Australia to see Depp the following week will at least briefly quell the rumors that they are "headed for divorce" because Heard has been spending too much time with her ex, female photographer Tasya van Ree. That relationship, which was serious enough that she was calling herself Amber van Ree for a while, was also a matter of public interest, although the tone of the coverage was more similar to frat boys seeing two hot girls kissing in a bar. They are still friends. As for her and Depp, "We're very happy," she says, baring her teeth in a smile. "Very."

"Ironically, the people with whom I choose to share my life or by whom I'm compelled just so happen to be unwitting proponents, like a distracting force," she continues. "It's hard because I fall in love again and again. I'm in a very similar type of situation and have my career that I've been working hard for now, and yet I still am constantly confronted with these forces that can distract or deflect from where I see my real work."

Okay, so back to her work. Here's the awkward thing: Clearly, Amber Heard is an actor in her own right, and by all accounts, a very good one. At the same time, it's very hard to imagine that being Johnny Depp's wife doesn't give her, as she says, a bigger mallet with which to form her career. It's kind of the Hollywood version of being... well, Bill Clinton's wife. At the very least, she now gets to do the stuff she wants—"tiny tiny indies"—instead of bill-paying, boob-baring stuff.

"I mean, there are pros and cons," says her friend, the photographer and TV host Amanda de Cadenet. "If it's helpful in any way, it's that people will pay more attention to who this woman is. She is a really profoundly smart, intuitive young woman, and I have yet to see her play a role that really shows the depth that exists within her." In the future, de Cadenet expects that will change. "We hung out the other day, and we were talking about, like, art and books and female role models and icons. These are the women who need to get portrayed in films. I can't wait until she starts producing her own films, and we're going to see her sensibility."

Heard and Depp will appear on-screen together for the first time since *The Rum Diary* in *London Fields*, a film in which, perhaps not coincidentally, Heard "really takes the stereotype head-on," according to director Mathew Cullen, playing Nicola Six, a literal femme fatale who uses her sexual wiles to manipulate men into plotting her own murder.

"She was very passionate about playing this role, partially because there are so many parallels," says Cullen. "You have somebody that's incredibly beautiful and very smart, but people know her mostly through her sexuality." Occasionally, on set, Heard and Cullen butted heads. The character, as written by Martin Amis, is a succubus stereotype, and Heard wanted her to have more layers. "Amber is a very strong-willed person," Cullen says.

The waiter arrives to take our plates away. Heard takes out a small canister of vitamins. She feels a little something coming on, and she's determined not to get sick. In celebration of completing all of these movies, she's organized a "girls' weekend" in New York with her sister and a bunch of her best friends, who are already in her hotel room, "probably drinking," and awaiting her arrival. After that, she's flying to Australia to celebrate her birthday with Depp. "Through sheer willpower," she says, shaking the vitamins into her hand, "I'm going to overcome this thing." ●

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Coated wool jacket by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, $5,890, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide, visit ralphlauren.com. One-piece maillot by *Thapelo Paris*, $250, visit thapelo-paris.com. Silver-plated gold, blue enamel, and diamond rings by *Fred Leighton*, prices on request, at Fred Leighton (NYC). Her own earrings. Embroidered silk dress by *Altuzarra*, $15,000, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Aquamarine, ceramic, and rose gold earrings by *James de Givenchy for Taffin*, price on request, visit taffin.com. Silver-plated gold, enamel, and diamond rings by Fred Leighton, prices on request, at Fred Leighton (NYC).

POWER OF TEN

PAGE 24: Julia Hartz wears: Cellophane top, $425, neoprene skirt, $515, by *Jonathan Simkhai*, visit jonathansimkhai.com. Ruthenium bracelet by *Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co.*, $425, visit tiffany.com. Leather pumps by *Manolo Blahnik*, $785, collection at nordstrom.com. PAGE 26: Elizabeth Iorns wears: Lace dress by *Dolce & Gabbana*, $3,295, at select Dolce & Gabbana stores nationwide. White gold, tanzanite, and stone earrings by *Phyne by Paige Novick*, $2,260, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Jane Park wears: Rayon and nylon dress by *Yigal Azrouël*, $890, at Saks Fifth Avenue (Beverly Hills). Silver bracelet by *Janis Savitt*, $840, at Janis Savitt (NYC). Tracy Chou wears: Wool dress by *Prada*, $2,410, at select Prada boutiques nationwide, visit prada.com. Gold-plated silver alloy, white topaz, and black spinel necklace by *Elizabeth and James*, $115, collection at couture.zappos.com. PAGE 27: Mary Grove wears: Viscose-blend blazer by *Boss*, $255, at Hugo Boss stores nationwide, call 800-HUGO-BOSS or visit hugoboss.com. Silk tank by *Tibi*, $158, visit tibi.com. Rose gold and nude diamond necklace by *La Brune & La Blonde*, $2,734, collection at Colette (Paris), visit colette.fr. Sara Haider wears: Crepe de chine and leather top, $1,295, viscose jersey skirt, price on request, by *Altuzarra*, visit altuzarra.com. Blackened white gold and diamond earrings by *Eva Fehren*, $5,665, collection at Barneys New York. Aileen Lee wears: Quilted leather jacket by *Michael Michael Kors*, $895, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide, call 866-709-KORS or visit michaelkors.com. Jersey slip dress with belt by *Max Mara*, $800, at Max Mara (Miami). Silver-plated brass, pavé crystal, rose quartz, hematite, and howlite stone earrings by *Vita Fede*, $1,125, visit vitafede.com. PAGE 28: Selina Tobaccowala wears: Knit dress by *St. John*, $1,095, at St. John (NYC, Beverly Hills, San Francisco). Platinum and diamond earrings by *Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co.*, $13,000, visit tiffany.com. Grace Garey wears: Tweed knit dress, $995, leather belt, $245, by *St. John*, at St. John boutiques nationwide, visit discoverstjohn.com. Gold and diamond bracelet by *Garland Collection*, $3,250, visit garlandcollection.com. Gold and opal rings by *Wwake*, $378–$477 each, visit wwake.com. Gold and diamond ring by *Phyne by Paige Novick*, $850, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Gold, opal, and diamond ring by *Jennie Kwon Designs*, $630, visit jenniekwondesigns.com. Michelle Zatlyn wears: Double crepe jacket by *Derek Lam 10 Crosby*, $995, at Derek Lam 10 Crosby (NYC). Jersey knit sweater by *St. John*, $445, at St. John boutiques nationwide. Silk pants by *Vince*, $325, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide, call 800-232-1854 or visit bloomingdales.com. Gold-plated brass and stone bracelet by *Lele Sadoughi*, $295, collection at net-a-porter.com. Gold bracelet by *JvdF*, $1,600, collection at The Webster (Miami). Gold, malachite, yellow sapphire, and pearl ring by *Delfina Delettrez*, $880, collection at openingceremony.us.

NO REGRETS

PAGE 44: Jacket by *Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren*, at Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. T-shirt by *Rag & Bone*, at Rag & Bone stores nationwide. Jeans by *Burberry Brit*, visit burberry.com.

FIRST LOOK

PAGE 49: Rings by *Tacori*, visit tacori.com.

TRENDS & ACCESSORIES

PAGE 50: Sandal by *Miu Miu*, visit miumiu.com. PAGE 51: Dress by *Tommy Bahama*, visit tommybahama.com. Coat by *Trademark*, at Trademark (NYC). Hair clip by *Louis Vuitton*, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide, call 866-VUITTON. Brogues by *Michael Kors Collection*, call 866-709-KORS. PAGE 52: Sandal by *Jimmy Choo*, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. PAGE 54: Watches by *Dior Timepieces*, visit dior.com. Handbag by *Dior*, at Dior boutiques nationwide. Jeans by *J Brand*, visit jbrandjeans.com. PAGE 56: Cross-body bag by *Longchamp*, visit longchamp.com. Handbag by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide.

SHOPS

PAGE 64: Rings by *Pomellato*, call 800-254-6050. Trousers by *Steven Alan*, at Steven Alan stores nationwide. PAGE 65: Blazer by *Zadig & Voltaire*, at Zadig & Voltaire boutiques nationwide. PAGE 66: Blouse by *Rebecca Taylor*, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Necklace by *Tory Burch*, at Tory Burch boutiques nationwide. Sweater by *Alice + Olivia by Stacey Bendet*, at select Alice + Olivia by Stacey Bendet stores nationwide. Dress by *Bebe*, at Bebe stores nationwide.

SHE OUGHTA KNOW

PAGE 68: Viscose-blend top, $870, pants, $1,350, by *Stella McCartney*, prices on request, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue (NYC). Gold chain, $1,200, vintage gold, blue sapphire, and pink sapphire charm, $1,400, by *Garland Collection*, visit garlandcollection.com. Gold ring by *Maison Margiela Line 12 Fine Jewellery Collection*, $1,250, at Maison Margiela boutiques nationwide. Gold and diamond ring by *Roberto Coin*, $2,400, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Gold and diamond ring by *Kimberly McDonald*, $15,575, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Leather pumps by *Christian Louboutin*, $675, visit christianlouboutin.com.

TRUE GRIT

PAGE 123: Necklace by *James de Givenchy for Taffin*, visit taffin.com.

POWER TRIP

PAGES 124–125: Skirt by *Atsuko Kudo*, visit atsukokudo.com. Earring by *Fallon*, visit fallonjewelry.com. Ring by *Pilar Olaverri*, visit pilarolaverri.com. Cuff by *Alexis Bittar*, at Alexis Bittar stores nationwide. Clutch by *Rauwolf*, collection at Forty Five Ten (Dallas). On him: Jeans by *Acne Studios*, visit acnestudios.com. Watch by *Audemars Piguet*, $17,800, at Audemars Piguet (NYC), call 888-214-6858 or visit audemarspiguet.com. PAGE 126: Jumpsuit by *Versace*, call 888-721-7219. Studs by *Eva Fehren*, $26,290, collection at Barneys New York. Ring by *Alyssa Norton*, collection at shopbird.com. Ring by *Bulgari*, at Bulgari stores nationwide, call 800-BULGARI or visit bulgari.com. On him: Tank by *Calvin Klein Underwear*, collection at Macy's stores nationwide. Jeans by *Acne Studios*, visit acnestudios.com. PAGE 127: Jacket, $14,800, skirt by *Balmain*, collection at Barneys New York, Maxfield (L.A.), Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Sunglasses by *Dolce & Gabbana*, collection at Sunglass Hut stores nationwide, visit sunglasshut.com. Ring by *Uribe*, visit studiouribe.co.uk. Belt by *Jimmy Choo*, at select Jimmy Choo stores nationwide, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. PAGE 128: Top, skirt by *Alexander Wang*, at Alexander Wang (NYC). Ear cuff by *Genevieve Jones*, visit genevieve-jones.com, collection at Curve (NYC). Earring by *Vita Fede*, visit vitafede.com. Clutch by *Stella McCartney*, at Stella McCartney (NYC). Pumps by *Brian Atwood*, visit brianatwood.com. PAGE 129: Coat by *Dior*, $8,600, call 800-929-DIOR. Earrings by *Melissa Kaye*, visit melissakayejewelry.com. Belt by *Raina Belts*, call 818-988-6180 or visit rainabelts.com. Ring by *Fallon*, visit fallonjewelry.com. Clutch by *Lee Savage*, visit leesavage.us.com. PAGE 130: Blazer by *Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci*, $5,425, at Givenchy (NYC). Skirt by *Atsuko Kudo*, visit atsukokudo.com. Earring by *Established Jewelry*, $18,500 (for pair), visit establishedjewelry.com. Ring by *Dior*, to special order, call 800-929-DIOR. Ring by *Pilar Olaverri*, visit pilarolaverri.com. Ring by *Arme De L'Amour*, collection at net-a-porter.com. Rings by *Jennifer Zeuner Jewelry*, visit jenniferzeuner.com. Clutch by *Bottega Veneta*, $10,900, at Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide, call 800-845-6790. Sandals by *Jimmy Choo*, at select Jimmy Choo stores nationwide, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. PAGE 131: Choker by *Alexis Bittar*, at Alexis Bittar stores nationwide. Belt by *Alexander Wang*, at Alexander Wang (NYC), visit alexanderwang.com. PAGES 132–133: Jacket, top, bow tie by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. Skirt by *Tamara Mellon*, visit tamaramellon.com. White gold earring by *Established Jewelry*, visit establishedjewelry.com. Ring by *Jennifer Fisher*, call 888-255-0640 or visit jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Ring by *Pilar Olaverri*, visit pilarolaverri.com. Sandals by *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide, visit giuseppezanottidesign.com.

THE WILD ONE

PAGE 135: Dress by *Valentino*, $8,990, at Valentino boutiques nationwide. PAGE 136: Necklace by *Van Cleef & Arpels*, at Van Cleef & Arpels (NYC), call 877-VAN-CLEEF or visit vancleefarpels.com. Rings by *Fred Leighton*, at Fred Leighton (NYC). PAGES 138–139: Dress by *Altuzarra*, $5,295, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide. PAGE 140: Dress by *Céline*, $8,000, at Céline (NYC). Rings by *Fred Leighton*, at Fred Leighton (NYC). PAGE 141: Dress by *Chloé*, $11,595, collection at neimanmarcus.com. PAGE 143: Shorts by *The Castings for Aritzia*, at Aritzia (NYC). Rings by *Fred Leighton*, at Fred Leighton (NYC).

RAY OF LIGHT

PAGE 144: Cardigan by *Michael Kors*, call 866-709-KORS. Gown by *Blumarine*, visit blumarine.com. Locket, chain by *Tiffany & Co.*, visit tiffany.com. PAGE 145: Hat by *Eugenia Kim*, collection at net-a-porter.com. PAGE 146: Hat by *Eugenia Kim*, collection at net-a-porter.com. PAGE 147: Blouse by *Chanel*, $7,450, call 800-550-0005. Skirt by *Alberta Ferretti*, collection at net-a-porter.com. Hat by *Eugenia Kim*, collection at revolveclothing.com. PAGE 148: Blouse by *Blumarine*, visit blumarine.com. Hat by *Eugenia Kim*, collection at revolveclothing.com. PAGE 149: Dress by *Dior*, $10,000, to special order, call 800-929-DIOR. PAGE 150: Gown by *Valentino*, $12,500, at Valentino boutiques nationwide. Cardigan by *Michael Kors*, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide, call 866-709-KORS. Hat by *Eugenia Kim*, collection at net-a-porter.com. PAGE 151: Panty by *American Apparel*, visit americanapparel.com. Locket, chain by *Tiffany & Co.*, visit tiffany.com.

Prices are approximate. ELLE recommends that merchandise availability be checked with local stores.

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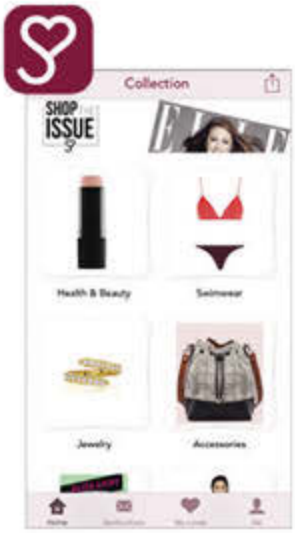


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The bookend of two positive full moons will keep July running smoothly, but expect a few tests courtesy of a challenging midmonth new moon and taskmaster Saturn's reminders to all signs that there's always a lesson to be learned

CANCER


Gisele Bündchen
July 20, 1980

THIS MONTH FOR CANCER: *(JUNE 22–JULY 22)* It's birthday time, and with Mars now in Cancer until August 8th, you're raring to put plans in place and get moving. You'll start a two-year cycle that's sure to add a new twist or level of sophistication to an ongoing venture or relationship. For the latter, a full moon in Capricorn will bring added emphasis to a partner, perhaps in business or love. Either way, Pluto will be in conjunction with this moon, giving you confidence in whatever direction you choose to take a collaboration. Be mindful of Saturn, however: The teacher planet—still in Scorpio until mid-September—could put up romance roadblocks in the form of obligations for work or study. You'll find yet another test at July 15th's new moon, this time in your career or home life. If you must finally take dramatic action against a situation you've long considered intolerable, there's a chance it will require funds. Luckily, the blue moon on the 31st, bolstered by Saturn, will balance your financial base and put you on track toward stability.

YOUR YEAR AHEAD: Uranus is still moving through your tenth house of career, so if you're ready for a change, this is the year to break the bonds holding you back. In your home life, eclipses in Aries (September 27th) and Libra (March 23, 2016) will cut across your domestic sectors, bringing to an end a process that could have started as far back as October. Once settled in these areas, you can use Jupiter's move into Virgo on August 11th (the planet is there to stay until September 2016) to take full advantage of a newfound confidence in your ability to communicate exactly what you want, be it income, commitment, or more. Your love life will improve dramatically by the fall, when no-nonsense Saturn leaves Scorpio on September 17th and eases the stress of finding a new or lasting connection. Look to November 11th's new moon for a truly divine moment of romantic bliss.

LEO *(JULY 23–AUG 22)*

Your month starts with fireworks: At the full moon on the 1st, a work project will come to a close and—thanks to the presence of both Pluto and Neptune—bring exceptional praise; also on the 1st, Venus links with Jupiter for delicious fun and romance; and come the 3rd, Mercury meets Jupiter on a day perfect for a lavish social gathering. Such positivity will see you through the 6th, a difficult day when you should keep your head down as higher-ups dig their heels in and question any and all assumptions. This theme of retreat will continue through the 15th's new moon in Cancer, which lights a quiet area of your chart. Hunker down and start to think about building a strategy for your future, especially regarding your domestic life, which Saturn has been testing since last month. By the second full moon of the month, on the 31st, you'll again turn your attention to your partner—this time, with a firm eye on commitment.

VIRGO *(AUG 23–SEPT 22)*

Mars is in Cancer and jazzing up your friendship and events sector, suggesting your dance card will be full. Adding to the liveliness of the first week of July is the 1st's full moon in your fifth house of true love. On the same day, Venus will link with Jupiter, creating a sparkling once-a-year moment, the benefits of which could manifest in nearly any area of your life. Get as much done as you can, for Venus begins a two-week tour of Virgo on the 18th and then retrogrades on the 25th. A past relationship could present itself yet again, or you may find yourself slowing to a more manageable pace with a current flame. Your social life, however, will kick into high gear at the new moon on the 15th, and by the blue moon on the 31st, you'll refocus on office life. Saturn should be friendly to this moon, so the gains you make will last, with any victories becoming jewels in your crown.

LIBRA *(SEPT 23–OCT 22)*

The first three weeks of July will be critical for making a name for yourself in your career—but you must address an urgent home or family matter brought on by the 1st's full moon. It could involve a hefty payout as well, but your ruler, Venus, will be conjunct with good-fortune Jupiter, ready to send help just when you need it most. By the 21st, when the Sun and Saturn blend beautifully, you'll be ready to outwit any domestic dealings. Back to your career: You're currently primed for a new job or position, but be ready for firm competition near the 15th, when Uranus brings unexpected challenges. Further, Venus retrogrades starting on the 25th, so make your most vital moves before this day. Just when you need respite, the month's second full moon on the 31st should bring a romantic moment to celebrate. Your friends, too, will have a strong and positive presence—and a cocktail, should you need it.

SCORPIO *(OCT 23–NOV 21)*

Venus will conjoin with Jupiter on the 1st in your tenth house of career achievement, giving you the competitive edge you need to score a victory. But act fast: Progress will slow once Venus, also associated with profits and money, retrogrades from the 25th to September 6th. You must stare down any distractions—such as the 15th's new moon coaxing you to travel—in the interest of time, for

Andrew H. Walker/WireImage/Getty Images

Saturn in Scorpio will also be taking you to task with more career stress. It's unfortunately not a month to focus on love, but you can expect progress in your family life come the month's blue moon on the 31st, supportively beamed by Saturn. It's the perfect time to settle an ongoing domestic issue and finally gain the happy home you've always dreamed of.

SAGITTARIUS *(NOV 22–DEC 21)*

If you've longed for stability in your finances, the full moon on the 1st will work in your favor—just in time, as Venus and Jupiter also link on this date, inspiring travel to (hopefully) far-off places. In your home sector, however, Pluto will work generously with Saturn and Neptune to placate an outstanding home or real estate concern. On the 3rd, when Mercury, overseer of your reputation, receives dazzling beams from Jupiter, your ruling planet, expect news about your career that confirms your star is indeed on the rise. Money will again be on your mind by the 15th, when the new moon will be under siege from Mars and Uranus. This is a difficult aspect, so expect resistance as you work toward fiscal progress. After such a tough battle, utilize the full moon on the 31st to escape daily life. Uranus will have entered retrograde on the 26th, so it's best to stick close to home rather than venture very far. But even a short drive would do you a world of good.

CAPRICORN *(DEC 22–JAN 19)*

With so many celestial bodies working in tandem with the 1st's full moon in Capricorn, your opening week of July will nearly burst at the seams: Fiery Mars could set you at odds with a romantic partner, but extinguish any flames with a loving getaway well before the 15th, when the new moon will again pose challenges to committed relationships. Neptune will inspire your creativity at work, so expect acclaim in your career; and Venus, in a rare annual meeting with Jupiter, clears a path for money to find its way to your door. Squirrel away some of these funds, for a financial focus will indeed continue through the end of the month, when, on the 31st, the blue moon could present bills to pay and fiscal decisions that need settling. Stabilizing Saturn will ensure you make all the right moves in order to reap many rewards later.

AQUARIUS *(JAN 20–FEB 18)*

July begins on a clandestine note, with you engaging in confidential talks regarding your career or health. Professionally, the 1st's full moon—coupled with Saturn in your job sector—is setting the stage for a major shift this fall. Every move you make now could indeed affect your trajectory. As far as your wellness is concerned, follow the advice you're given regarding fitness or your medical condition—this is an ideal time for a body reset. The 1st also sees Venus joining with Jupiter in your house of commitment, so you'll feel bonds strengthening and love flourishing. The new moon on the 15th, however, will receive a tough aspect from Uranus that will turn your attention back to work as hectic assignments begin to stack up. The month ends on a truly joyous note, as the 31st's blue moon gets a positive beam from Saturn, bringing to culmination a dream you've worked toward for months, or possibly years. Relish it!

PISCES *(FEB 19–MAR 20)*

July 1st's full moon will either keep you close to home, surrounded by many friends at many events, or, thanks to Venus conjoining with gift-giving Jupiter, see to it that you take off on a luxurious trip. In either case, Mars is now in your fifth house of true love, so your magnetism will be intoxicating to both committed partners and new, exciting connections. The new moon on the 15th will heighten your prospects for romance even more, but a crosscurrent from Uranus will bring up obstacles in the form of a petulant friend whose support will be hard-won. A silvery beam from Neptune should keep your life copacetic, so long as you keep your cool. In your professional life, a key blue moon on the 31st will cause business to pick up noticeably, and your cash flow will certainly improve—as long as you put in the work to combat any snags from Uranus going retrograde on the 26th. It seems a crucial deadline will need to be met right before August dawns, so don't blow it.

ARIES *(MAR 21–APR 19)*

The full moon arriving on the 1st falls in your tenth house of honors and achievements, and you'll at long last be able to crystallize where you stand professionally. Pluto will conjoin this moon, revealing the prestige and respect you've clearly earned in your industry. You won't be without stress: Mars, your ruling planet, is now in your home sector, and activities regarding your residence, property, or family will need just as much attention as your career. Expect more on this front midmonth, when the 15th's new moon squares off with Pluto (tied to money) and Uranus (arbiter of unexpected events). In romance, your love life may suddenly see a deluge of delight, for Venus will have an annual meeting with beneficial Jupiter, also on the 1st, in your house of true love. This trend continues all the way to the end of the month, when, on the 31st, a second full moon and a group of planets invite an evening so magical, it will be positively inspirational for weeks to come.

TAURUS *(APR 20–MAY 20)*

The month opens with many a celestial body energizing your travel sectors, so by all means pack your bags and be off during the 1st's full moon. If you stay at home, though, make good use of yourself. Venus meets Jupiter, also on the 1st, heralding a dazzling day for improving your living situation. However, if you find yourself in a negotiation that involves a contract, be sure to settle such matters prior to the 15th, when the flawed new moon will bring obstacles, and definitely before the 25th, when Venus will begin retrograde movement lasting until September. In romance, Venus continues the good work as it enters most-compatible Virgo on the 18th and stays there until the 31st. These are prime days to update your look, channel your confidence, and get out there and enjoy the social—and romantic—gifts life is ready to drop at your feet. But act fast: Once Venus retrogrades, your charisma, while still active, might lose a bit of luster, and you don't want to waste a single one of these magical moments.

GEMINI *(MAY 21–JUNE 21)*

The 1st's full moon will set you on a determined path to take care of finances. Matters of credit, loans, or mortgages can all be settled, but if getting a raise is a priority, you'll need to wait for the new moon in Cancer on the 15th. It might be troublesome: Both Uranus (surprise) and Pluto (authority) in difficult angles could cause pushback. But you have a lovely interplay of Mars (in your salary house) and Neptune (guarding your reputation) around the 14th, so there is hope. Travel opportunities will bring chances to enjoy romance from the 1st to the 4th, when Jupiter meets with Venus in a marvelous once-a-year event. Mercury, your ruler, will also appear, adding a beautiful note of serenity to any time spent with a partner, new or old. Jumping to the month's end, Saturn will bless your second full moon on the 31st, ensuring that any action, decision, or new association you make will not only be lasting, but also deeply and delightfully inspirational. ●

GOODFELLA

He's no longer just a scene-stealing funnyman, but *Trainwreck*'s Bill Hader proves that a little less convention goes a long way when it comes to getting the girl. By Mickey Rapkin



Victoria Will/Invision/AP; Slate: Donato Sardella/Getty Images

For eight years on *Saturday Night Live*, Bill Hader made his name not only doing spot-on impressions of Al Pacino, Clint Eastwood, and James Carville but also creating a host of indelible characters like Stefon, Herb Welch, and many more. Now he's taking on his most demanding role yet: leading man in Judd Apatow's *Trainwreck*. Hader, 37, stars as a celebrated sports doctor pursuing Amy Schumer, and the film refreshingly flips the script on the romantic-comedy tropes. He wants to settle down; she's a mess who doesn't believe in monogamy. The movie plays like a primer on modern dating, which is something Hader admits to knowing very little about. "The last date I went on," he says, "texting wasn't a thing." Further: In the sixth grade in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he took a girl to see the decidedly unromantic Coen brothers film *Barton Fink*; he's been married to writer-director Maggie Carey (*The To Do List)* since 2006, and they have three daughters. Here, Hader talks about date nights and what his wife taught him about pornography.

ELLE: Trainwreck opens with a series of one-night stands. Would you tell me about one of yours?
BILL HADER: I think I've had one or two one-night stands in my life. And they were both super-regrettable.
ELLE: Why regrettable?
BH: I didn't like it. But one was funny. I went out with my friends, and I ended up talking to this girl and she was like, "I'm moving to San Francisco tomorrow." Her attitude was kind of like, I want to get laid before I leave. I had just moved in with a friend of mine. I was sleeping on the floor. I said, "Do you want to go to your place?" She's like, "I moved out of my place. I'm staying at a friend's house." I said, "Oh, I don't have a bed." She was like, "Huh.... Go to my old apartment." We go to her old apartment. In front of her house—by the dumpster—was a bed.
ELLE: Come on.
BH: We got her old bed and put it on top of my car and both held on to it, driving very slowly down Wilshire Boulevard to my apartment. I come in with a girl *and* a bed. She spent the night. The next day she was like, "You can keep the bed if you want." I had that bed for a long time!
ELLE: The *SNL* schedule is famously punishing. How did you make date night special?
BH: The first two seasons I was a real basket case. We didn't spend any money. I thought, This could all go away tomorrow. Then I relaxed a bit. Every Thursday night we went out. A crazy night for us is drinking margaritas and going to the Strand bookstore and being kind of drunk. On our first date [in L.A.], she took me to the school where *Grease* was shot. We sat on the steps and drank tallboys at, like, two in the morning. I remember thinking, I probably gotta marry this girl.
ELLE: Had you felt that way about other women?
BH: No, no. I'm a very neurotic person. Where other girls I dated, rightfully so, would be like, "I can't handle this," she was so calm and accepting. Maggie is crazy talented. She played Division I soccer. She made a movie called *Ladyporn*. It was a documentary where she interviewed all of these women about what they would want to see in a porn movie. Then she *made* a porn movie based on it.
ELLE: Was she disappointed with existing porn?
BH: I guess she hated the porn she watched. She thought it was so geared toward guys. She thought it was gross.
ELLE: OK. What did women want?
BH: A *story*. They wanted it to be sensual.
ELLE: What did you learn about marriage from your parents?
BH: My mom taught dance and my dad managed an air freight company. But they had great taste. I remember going to a family reunion in the middle of nowhere in Oklahoma. A guy was explaining about the importance of family—that thing people say about how one stick breaks really easily, but if you put a bunch of sticks together they won't break. He went over and hugged this tree. He was like, "This tree is your family!" Everyone said, "Oh, that's nice." My parents were like, "What the fuck is this?" They were just laughing.
ELLE: Does it bother your wife when you make out with other women on film?
BH: I'm never asked to make out in movies. But in *Trainwreck*, I make out with Amy a lot. Maggie's like, "That's cool. Our deal is, If you shoot a sex scene you have to come home and have sex with me." Amy and I made out so much, I got Maggie pregnant during rehearsals. We hadn't even shot the movie yet.
ELLE: How do you cope with being apart?
BH: It's really easy when you're tired to just text, "Hey, going to bed. Love you." Because your brain doesn't work. But you have to call and talk or Skype. I bring the girls' books with me, and I do bedtime over Skype. They're obsessed with Julianne Moore's book *Freckleface Strawberry*.
ELLE: You seem to have marriage figured out.
BH: I never liked the saying "Relationships are a lot of work." I'm not saying we don't have stresses. But I have friends who are like, "I got kicked out of the house again." It's like, Jesus Christ. I thought that happened on sitcoms because it moved the story forward.
ELLE: Do you believe in monogamy?
BH: Oh yeah. To me, it's not a moral thing. It's just a choice.
ELLE: You never went to an *SNL* afterparty and were tempted?
BH: No, like I said, I've never been a real dude. ●



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